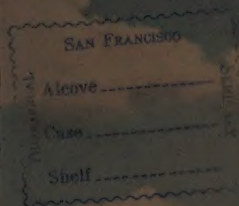


# CHRISTIAN HERALD



AUGUST 1940 ★ TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

**WHY DOES GOD ALLOW THIS?**

*Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft*

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• HELEN NOLL CROWELL



THIS PAINTING AND THE OTHER BY GIOTTO, REPRODUCED LAST MONTH, ARE ON THE WALLS OF ARENA CHAPEL, PADUA, ITALY



# THE MEETING OF JOACHIM AND ANNA

GIOTTO

(Florentine School)

1266 - 1336

THE ARENA CHAPEL is a long rectangular box pierced by Gothic windows on one side and ceiled with a barrel vault. Giotto converted the room into a picture gallery, unfolding the consecutive workings of his mind as he pondered the subject matter, related it to the experiences of man, and embodied it in unalterable forms. Unhindered by architectural difficulties, he divided the walls into squares—decorative panels conceived as friezes and held together by uniform backgrounds of ultramarine.

The first cycle depicts the story of Joachim and Anna, the parents of Mary, as recorded in the apocryphal gospels. Old Joachim, the most pathetic figure in art, whose offering had been rejected by the high priest because "God had judged him unworthy to have children," retired to the sheepfold, where it was announced to him in a vision that his wife was to be the mother of the Virgin. With full consciousness of her destiny, he returned to Jerusalem, the Gospel of St. Mary reading: "Anna stood by the Golden Gate and saw Joachim coming with the shepherds. And she ran, and hanging about his neck, said, 'Now I know the Lord hath greatly blessed me.'" The moment of their meeting was painted by Giotto with solemn gentleness and grace: Joachim, a majestic, purposeful character, his wife reserved in her gladness, and in the background the little human touches new to painting—the attendants peering and smiling at the black-robed maid, now in disgrace, who had taunted her mistress.

According to an old chronicle, when Giotto was engaged in the frescoes—he worked on them for four years—his friend Dante came to Padua and was so dumbfounded that "he took the painted things for real persons, so truly did they represent nature." To the modern eye accustomed to all the expedients and illusions of naturalism, the tale is hard to believe; but it must be borne in mind that to the men of the thirteenth century, Giotto's innovations were nothing short of miraculous. In his concern with the great truths of birth, death, and resurrection, he had no time for the little details; and it is also well to remember that the regeneration of modern painting has been marked by a return to the first principles established by the Florentine. It may indeed be questioned whether painting, considered as a balance between man's formal deductions from nature and the quality of his convictions, has ever exceeded the power of Giotto's best work.



## NUMBER THREE

This is the third of a series of reproductions in *Christian Herald* of the great religious paintings. The originals, all by old masters, are in various parts of the world, and all valuable beyond price. Accompanying each reproduction will be a description of the painting and something about the artist, by the noted art critic, Thomas Craven. The picture next month will be *Journey of the Magi*, by Sassetta.

We are able to present this feature to *Christian Herald* readers through an arrangement with Simon and Schuster, publishers of "The Treasury of Art Masterpieces."



# The Best in RADIO

## Selected Programs on August Airwaves

(All Time Is Eastern Daylight Saving Time)

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.  
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.  
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, WNY, and affiliated stations.

### DAILY

8:00 A.M. News of Europe—international news broadcasts—CBS and NBC—Blue.  
9:30 A.M. Richard Maxwell, songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.  
9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer—Red.  
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—guest speakers—Blue.  
1:15 P.M. Between the Bookends—Fred Malone reads poetry and discusses books—Blue.  
2:00 P.M. Light of the World—Bible dramatized in modern prose—Red.  
5:00 P.M. Children's Hour—full hour of stories, serials and music for the young—Blue.  
6:05 P.M. Edwin C. Hill—the human side of the news—CBS.  
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas—news commentator—Blue.  
8:55 P.M. Elmer Davis—news commentator—CBS.

### SUNDAYS

10:00 A.M. Highlights of the Bible—Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—Red.  
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air—services conducted by representatives of the major faiths—CBS.  
10:30 A.M. Southernaires—Negro spirituals and devotional service—Blue.  
10:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan—Negro spirituals and devotional service—CBS.  
11:15 A.M. Luther-Layman Singers—folk songs of America—Blue.  
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air—symphony orchestra—Blue.  
12:00 noon Story of All of Us—history of world dramatized for children—Red.  
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle—religious music—CBS.  
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.  
1:30 P.M. March of Games—children's quiz show—CBS.  
2:00 P.M. United We Stand—understanding of Americanism—CBS.  
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table—forum on current problems—Red.  
3:00 P.M. Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—Howard Barlow conducting—CBS.  
3:15 P.M. Foreign Policy Association—discussion of American Foreign Policy by experts—Blue.  
4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers—Dr. Paul Scherer—Blue.  
4:30 P.M. Invitation to Learning—devoted to great books—CBS.  
6:00 P.M. Fun in Print—literary quiz—CBS.  
7:00 P.M. News of the World—international news broadcast—CBS.  
8:00 P.M. Columbia Workshop—presentation of unusual radio dramas—CBS.  
8:30 P.M. One Man's Family—dramatization of family life—Red.  
9:00 P.M. Ford Summer Hour—Jessica Dragonette, James Newill, soloist—CBS.  
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music—Haenschen Concert Orchestra—Red.  
11:00 P.M. Headlines and By-lines—up-to-minute news—CBS.

### MONDAYS

1:30 P.M. Frontiers of American Life—Dr. Mark Dawber—Blue.  
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—Joe Emerson and Choir—Red.  
4:00 P.M. Columbia's Lecture Hall—speakers on current events, history, economics and science—CBS.  
5:15 P.M. Yella Pessi—harpist-chordist—CBS.  
6:30 P.M. Paul Sullivan Reviews the News—CBS.  
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.  
8:00 P.M. Telephone Hour—symphony orchestra and soloists—Red.  
8:00 P.M. So You Think You Know Music—music quiz—CBS.  
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone—Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks—Red.  
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented program—soloists—Red.  
10:30 P.M. Adventures in Reading—dramatization of classics—Blue.  
10:30 P.M. News of the War—Elmer Davis and George Fielding Elliot, military expert—CBS.

### TUESDAYS

1:30 P.M. The Silent Partner—Dr. Ernest J. Mollenauer—Blue.  
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—Joe Emerson—Red.  
4:00 P.M. Of Men and Books—reviews of current books—CBS.  
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.  
8:30 P.M. Information, Please—quiz program to stump the experts—Blue.  
9:00 P.M. We, the People—Gabriel Heatter interviews interesting personalities—CBS.  
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—people in the news discuss current public problems—CBS.

### WEDNESDAYS

1:00 P.M. Piano Recitals—distinguished virtuosos—Red.  
1:30 P.M. The Positive Answer to the World's Despair—Dr. Francis C. Stifter—Blue.  
2:15 P.M. Echoes of History—dramatizations of historic orations, alternate weeks—Blue.  
4:00 P.M. Columbia's Lecture Hall—lectures on literature, drama, art,

music and sports—CBS.

7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.  
8:00 P.M. This Our America—picture of nation's resources—Blue.  
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.  
10:30 P.M. Radio Magic—interpretation of radio science for the layman—Blue.  
11:15 P.M. Stars of the Summer Night—astronomy for the layman—Red.

### THURSDAYS

12:15 P.M. Southernaires—Negro spirituals—Blue.  
1:30 P.M. Common Sense and Sentiment—Dr. Alvin E. Magary—Blue.  
2:00 P.M. "It Looks From Here"—Says Margaret Banning—practical essays on national life—Blue.  
2:15 P.M. Richard Kent—traveling cook—Blue.  
2:30 P.M. United States Marine Band—Blue.  
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—Joe Emerson—Red.  
3:35 P.M. Yella Pessi—harpist-chordist—CBS.  
4:00 P.M. Adventures in Science—interviews with prominent scientists—CBS.  
6:15 P.M. Outdoors with Bob Edge—news on fishing and hunting—CBS.  
9:00 P.M. Toronto Promenade Symphony—summer concert series—Blue.  
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.

### FRIDAYS

1:30 P.M. Devotional Service—Lowell Patton at the organ—Blue.  
2:00 P.M. Your Voice and You—dramatic examples of right and wrong use of voice—Blue.  
2:30 P.M. Conrad Thibault—soloist and NBC concert orchestra—Blue.  
4:00 P.M. Exploring Space—adventures in field of astronomy—CBS.  
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—Lucille Manners and orchestra—Red.  
11:30 P.M. United States Antarctic Expedition Salute, alternate Fridays—Red.

### SATURDAYS

10:00 A.M. Richard Kent—the traveling cook—Blue.  
10:30 A.M. Bright Idea Club—instructive ideas for youngsters—Red.  
11:00 A.M. Chautauqua Young People's Concert—Red.  
11:05 A.M. Old Dirt-dobber—flower and garden program conducted by expert horticulturalists—CBS.  
12:15 P.M. Nature Sketches—informal wayside chats on natural wonders—Red.  
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—stamp news—Red.  
1:15 P.M. Highways to Health—instructive medical talks—CBS.  
3:30 P.M. Summer Concert Series from Interlochen, Michigan—Blue.  
6:30 P.M. Art of Living—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—Red.  
6:30 P.M. Rerun of the Mounted—dramatization of Canadian "mounties"—Blue.  
7:00 P.M. People's Platform—extemporaneous round-table discussions of current problems—CBS.  
8:30 P.M. Listeners' Playhouse—progressive dramatic program—Red.  
8:30 P.M. Human Adventure—dramatization of important research being done by world universities—CBS.  
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.

## ON THE AIR

### By Aileen Soares

A LESSON in true Americanism, "United We Stand," a new educational series showing how every faith, heritage and region of our melting-pot nation makes valuable and characteristic contributions to the life of the whole country, is to be launched this month. The half-hour broadcasts, produced in cooperation with the United States Office of Education, will treat serially our social, economic, cultural and religious life and will prove our developments in these fields have been due to our polyglot citizenry. We recommend the program as a jolt to racial, sectarian and sectional smugness. (Sundays, 2:00 p.m., EDST, CBS)

"IT LOOKS from Here"—Says Margaret Banning, a series of practical essays by the celebrated novelist and civic leader, should be of interest to all women. During her broadcasts, Miss Banning covers the almost unlimited range of her interests and these are best explained by her statement: "I like being a citizen, and a writer, and a mother, in that order. I like almost everything that comes my way, except wars." (Thursdays, 2:00 p.m., EDST, NBC-Blue)

TWO devotional programs which should win many young people as listeners are "Our Silent Partner" conducted by Dr. Ernest J. Mollenauer, Evangelical Lutheran pastor, and "The Positive Answer to the World's Despair" with Dr. Francis C. Stifter, of the American Bible Society. These week-day broadcasts offer practical solutions to world problems. (Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 1:30 p.m., EDST, NBC-Blue)

THOSE human and material resources which have given the United States the greatest civilization the world has known, and which now are being marshaled in a vast defense program to insure the continuance of that civilization, are being pictured in a dramatic series "This, Our America." Typical broadcasts deal with the metals we possess, the farm lands which make us independent of outside sources for essential food supplies, our industrial strength, and our resources in skilled labor. (Wednesdays, 8:00 p.m., EDST, NBC-Blue)



# America Turns to ALL BIBLE GRADED SERIES of Sunday School Lessons

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**Delights Every Dept.**



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## Beginners

"These lessons are tried and proven. Interest is growing and oh, how good I feel to know we are doing God's will regarding these little tots."—*Montana*. ★ "We are praising the Lord for your Bible lessons. Our Beginners' class has doubled."—*Pennsylvania*.



## Primary

"Well pleased with your Primary Lessons. The presentation of the Gospel is so simple and so interesting."—*New Jersey*. ★ "Your Primary Lessons surpass by far any that we have seen since we started our search for a real Bible study for youngsters."—*New York*.



## Junior

"My Juniors like their manuals very much, with such up-to-date ideas which make reading their Bible fun and help them retain that knowledge. We are all for 'All Bible.'"—*New York*. ★ "I marvel at the wealth of information that even a young child can acquire by faithful study of the Junior Lesson material."—*Minnesota*.

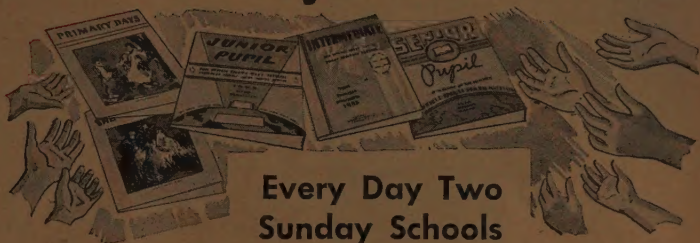
## Intermediate

"The class is genuinely enthusiastic. We hope to use one Sunday evening service very soon for a demonstration of how much we have learned about the Bible."—*North Carolina*. ★ "There has been a definite spiritual awakening and that means a lot to the boys and girls in their fight for spiritual freedom, and victory over evil."—*Minnesota*.



## Senior

"The Senior manuals have proven a wonderful help in my class of high school boys. Faith in God's Word is being firmly implanted. May the good work continue."—*Oklahoma*. ★ "I wish I could begin to tell you how my class of ten young women from 18 to 22 years have enjoyed their study and what a deep spiritual value it has had for us."—*New York*.



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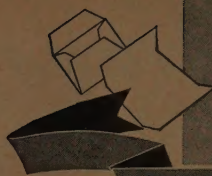
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*Out of my MAIL*

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

Have You the Answer?

*I have been a successful lawyer, but through the embezzlement of a trusted associate, everything is lost. Illness and poverty have all but overwhelmed me, but my experience in handling mortgages, real estate, and building should be invaluable somewhere. I have lectured in a great law school. Is there not some place where my fifty years could be utilized and where a Christian family could be made effective in the service of God and humanity?*

DO YOU have the answer for this problem? It comes from the New York area.

*Are you against the third term on principle or do you oppose the reelection of President Roosevelt for the third term?*

I WOULD oppose a third term for George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, the first Roosevelt—or the second. If this be treason, make the most of it. But I am in good company. George Washington said it first; Thomas Jefferson repeated it, and it has become what is, I think, a significant, vital tradition of our form of Government and national life. There is no reason to break the tradition now. Indeed, the world being as it is, there is less reason than ever.

*Is it true that Gene Tunney, former heavyweight champion prize-fighter, is an officer of a distilling company and at the same time a member of the executive board of the Boy Scout Foundation?*

MR. TUNNEY is as described. He retired as the undefeated heavyweight champion of the prize ring. He is executive head of a million dollar whiskey concern called the American Distilling Company. Also he was elected to the executive committee of the Boy Scout Foundation of New York. From an exchange I learn that recently he was prevented from speaking at the annual

banquet of the area council of the Boy Scouts of America in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, by a vigorous protest of Boy Scout friends and supporters.

*Do you believe that a course in Bible should be introduced in public schools? Would this not be divisive and, in fact, violate the principle of separation of Church and State?*

IN A number of great cities, among them New York, Bible reading courses have been agreed upon by joint committees of the three faiths—Catholics, Jews, and Protestants. This should, I think, be done everywhere. It is the least that the American people should consider. Not to give the Bible to the children of the nation is a tragedy indeed. Such a course as I describe contributes both to the literary and moral well-being of boys and girls. It is not sectarian, and it does not violate the American principle of separation of Church and State.

*Is there anything that I can do to help my wife change her sloppy habits? She complains about my dropping cigarette ashes—but she does nothing to make herself or the house attractive.*

YES, there is hope, but it is not an easy problem. The first step is a good example—stop dropping ashes! Make a deliberate and continued effort to demonstrate what you like and what you would like to have your home become. Here again actions speak louder than words, but a few words will not be amiss. Tell her how lovely she is in a dress that you like, and how it thrills you to see her with her hair attractively done, as I assume she did it during courtship days!

All of this is very general, to be sure, but if the principle is applied, I am sure it will work.

*Our pastor says that it is not his business personally to solicit people to become members of the church; that if*

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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CHRISTIAN HERALD





#### YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

*they are interested they should come to him at his study or in his home. Do you agree with this?*

**I BELIEVE** that the church should preach the Gospel, making every effort to persuade people to accept Jesus Christ as personal Saviour and to unite with the church in fellowship and service. Beyond this, it is my practice and the practice of my associates to extend personal invitations: also to make available time when by conference in the study or by a visit to the home these profoundly important matters are discussed.

In all of this is the supreme business of the Church and her ministry.

*What assurance have employes now thirty years of age or under of receiving payment of Social Security at retirement age of sixty-five? We are under the impression that funds are being used for relief purposes. Is this true?*

**I AM** unable to answer the second question. I believe that the principle of Social Security is firmly established in this country and that there is a better hope that the principle will continue to be regarded and its provisions carried out in America than there is that similar principles and provisions will be carried out elsewhere in the world.

*What will happen to those in heathen lands who never hear the Gospel of Christ? Will they be saved, since they are not to blame for their ignorance?*

**THERE** are many dogmatic assertions covering this field. In Paul's letter to the Romans, the first chapter, the apostle makes plain I think that heathens, so-called, will be judged by the light that they possess. Absolutely they will not be charged with the rejection of a Saviour of whom they have never heard. But I also know that we who have known must make Him known even unto the ends of the earth.

**CHRISTIAN HERALD**  
AUGUST, 1940 Vol. 63, No. 8

Published monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . Daniel A. Folling; Vice President . . . J. Paul Maynard; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.

## IT TAKES THREE KINDS OF MONEY TO BUY PEACE OF MIND



**T**O MEET the problems that come in time to every man . . . to enjoy true peace of mind . . . you need, not one, but really three kinds of money.

For emergencies such as illness or accident, a man needs a kind of money that he can use immediately—money in the bank.

The protection of his family calls for yet another kind of money . . . money that is always ready to come to the support of his wife and children should he die.

The great need for these two kinds of money is well recognized. One out of every 3 families in the country has a savings account. One out of every 2 has life insurance.

But an ever-increasing number of people realize there is a need for a third kind of money. This is money that will be accumulated, step-by-step, during the years of greatest earning power, to provide a substantial sum for declining years.

This third kind of money may determine whether old age will be a time of security and comfort—or regret. It is the kind of money every man must provide for himself—and for his family—if he is to enjoy true peace of mind.

### ♦ ♦ The First Step ♦ ♦

If you make a regular and adequate income, yet still find yourself unable to accumulate money, the first step is to find out *where your money goes*. Keeping a record of what you spend is essential if you want to make the most of your income.

To help you take this first, important step, Investors Syndicate offers, without obligation, a booklet, "Living" Expenses . . . a simple, easy way to find out where your money goes. This is *not* a budget book. For your copy, mail the coupon immediately to Investors Syndicate. Enclose 10c in coin or stamps to cover handling and postage. Do it *now*!

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**CAN WE SAY "YES" TO THE ELLENS  
WHO ARE STILL WAITING TO HEAR  
FROM US?**

# Anemic and CARDIAC

**H**ORRIBLE sounding words—medical terms most of us do not know—but this child of ten is one of the victims of the two dread diseases: poor blood and a sick heart. She glibly uses the terms and many other words she never would know were it not necessary for her to spend so much time in the hospital.

Born to poor ignorant parents, Ellen never had a chance; ever improperly and inadequately fed, living in crowded and airless tenement rooms—improperly clothed against the winter's cold and knowing no relief from the summer's heat, Ellen knows the hospital with its doctors and nurses as the best place to be. It is easy to understand why she wants to be a nurse when she grows up. Things are clean in the hospital—and everyone is kind to her.

Our phone rang this morning and at the other end of the wire was Ellen's nurse—Ellen was being discharged from the hospital next week—**COULD WE TAKE HER TO MONT LAWN FOR THE REST OF THE SUMMER?** Never a day goes by that we do not have a plea to take one more child—we try to guess how much money we can expect from our good friends and we invite a great many of our guests to Mont Lawn on this guess. Then we reach a point where we must wait for some more definite feeling before we dare say "yes" to the pleas for the Ellens who need vacations so badly.

Mont Lawn has everything it takes to give Ellen the chance she needs to become strong and well—to say "no" to her is almost like refusing to throw a lifeline to a drowning man. Perhaps you cannot give five dollars to pay for one week's vacation for Ellen, but you *can* afford to give something—even 25c is better than nothing at all. The important thing is to send your gift **TODAY** so that we can phone her nurse the good news that she and Ellen are waiting to hear—

Our imagination runs away with us at this point and we picture Ellen sitting under the shade of one of Mont Lawn's great trees—the girls are playing hospital and there's been an accident; but everything is under control for Ellen is the nurse. Make-believe bandages are being properly rolled around "injured" legs and all the child's medical terms are coming into full and proper play. She practically stuns the other children with the easy flow of words they never heard before.

She would have a wonderful time, Ellen would—playing hospital would be so much better fun at Mont Lawn than sitting in clinics waiting for treatments or lying in bed for days and days so that heart of hers would get well. Can we send Ellen to Mont Lawn next week? We know your answer will be yes, so please hurry and tell us.

CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME

8/40

Business Office, 419-4th Ave., New York

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# NEWS DIGEST

## *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

## THE WAR

**LONDON:** The Battle for France is over; just beginning is the Battle for Britain. As we go to press England is suffering a blitzkrieg of "nerves before the storm." England is fully conscious that the storm is about to strike, and fully determined to fight it out. Even if the tight little island should fall, they say in London, then the war will go on in the islands of the sea: then it will be a Battle for the Empire.

The Nazis are reported to be piling up huge stores of war materials on the Channel Coast—at Dunkerque, Calais, etc., these are being strafed daily and nightly by the RAF, which is ranging far into Germany to raid other stores at Kiel, Hamburg and even Berlin. It's the war in the air first, as prelude to invasion.

One thing we need to keep clear: air raids do *not* win wars. They may cause havoc, but they cannot win. You must land an expeditionary force on the ground. Can the Nazis land that in England? If they can we will see a war the intensity of which we have never seen before. The island called England is too small a territory for a war; there isn't much room for maneuvering.

Probably what will happen will be that Germany will try a blockade first, provided they can get the necessary impedimenta to blockade: ships, aircraft, etc. Even with that, they will have to deal with the indomitable British fleet and with a Channel so sown with British mines that passage may become impossible. Add to that the Channel fog, nature's gift to British arms, and you have another barrier to invasion. Add, too, the fact that Fifth Column activities in England are under far better control than they were in defeated Norway, Belgium, Holland and France, and the situation begins to look more hopeful for Britain than for those nations already in Hitler's bag. British morale is high; British anti-aircraft defenses are at their best; the British fleet has not yet let itself go in a decisive battle.

Off the coast of England lies an island that will figure largely in the shape of things to come. Ireland! Erin is only 250 miles from Brest. But even should

Hitler take the domain of De Valera, the British fleet would still be 370 miles away, hard for fighting planes to reach.

It will be no short war, this war with the British lion. But when it comes it will be cruel, deadly, decisive: the lion stands with his back to the wall, and on the fight he puts up may hang the fate of the whole world.

**PARIS:** Paris, thank God, is still Paris; any human being who has ever set foot in that most glorious of the world's cities will thank God for that. France is done, but there is something within us that tells us that Paris is not done, and that the France of which she is the heart will rise again.

The Frenchman is a peculiar individual, to the American. He is a born pacifist. He never strikes the first blow. But when he has his back to the wall—look out for him. And when the life of his France is threatened, he is the fiercest soldier in Europe.

That was proved when the French army fought on and on and on even after the armistice was signed. Cut to ribbons, French legions threw away their lives—taking a life for a life from the German ranks as they did it—a week after it was all over. And now comes news that hundreds of French pilots have flown their planes to Africa. 150,000 French troops who got away when the Maginot Line folded up are also reported making for Africa via Toulon. Another 160,000 in the Near East under General Mittlehauser have repudiated the surrender, and the French leaders in Paris are having their hands full trying to keep them in line and *make* them surrender. The French colonies may fight on, even yet.

If they do, it will be of inestimable assistance to England. That French fleet alone might save England; in the hands of the Germans it would undoubtedly be used for blockade (in spite of Hitler's promise not to use it so). But used as auxiliary to Britain's fleet, it could bottle up the Italians in the Mediterranean, and much depends on that!

Whatever comes, this much we know: there is something in the heart of the Frenchman that Hitler can never reach nor storm; there is a fanatical devotion to La Patrie that will assert itself, though it takes a hundred years. Paris and France have meant too much to human progress, to history, freedom, art, music and the upward thrust of the human spirit to allow themselves to be crushed overnight under a despot's heel.

Indeed, there are even those coming out of Germany who say that Hitler cannot hold The Reich down much longer. Humanity has a definite capacity for suffering.

**AFTERWARD:** Said a Rumanian leader this month: "The whole world is going topsy-turvy. We are going to have a new arrangement of countries and peoples. It is possible our country will meet with misfortune. . . ." And Count Ferdinand Czernin, son of Austria's World War Minister of Foreign Affairs, speaking in Charlottesville, Virginia, predicts that whatever the outcome of the conflict, the fight for freedom will go on, and a new Europe will certainly emerge. It will come only after the Nazi spirit is broken, says the Count, and that may take long and terrible years.

A new Europe is surely in the making. It had to come. The old system of a few powerful countries and a host of small, weak nations had outlived its day and it had to go. Sad as it is that it had to go down the bloody road of war to oblivion, it may all work out for the best in time. A United States of Europe is no longer a dream; it is here. Europe will never again be what it was yesterday; self-preservation demands a new international alignment.

Just who will eventually rule the new alignment you and I may not live to find out. Our guess is that our children or our grandchildren will discover that it will not be ruled for many years by a Nazi philosophy or technique, any more than it could have been held down and ruled years ago by a Napoleonic philosophy and technique. Men have paid too





The Conqueror

high a price for the right to think, for the right to be different one from the other, ever to be regimented into an international lock step. It will be too hot for any one man or nation to handle; it will, we think, ultimately become a loosely-bound confederation of nations cooperating economically out of sheer necessity, and shunning the fatal resort to arms except in the hands of an international police force. That's about the only way out.

**RUMANIA:** Trust the Balkans to make a Chinese puzzle out of any situation! When some writer labeled them "the powder keg of Europe," he put his finger on the truth.

The powder keg may not go off this time, and then again it may; your guess is as good as mine. Eighty million Germans are sitting on the lid, which for the moment is King Carol's Rumania. Carol, who has been sliding around on a rocking throne for years, seems at last about ready to be thrown.

Russia's putsch into Carol-land started the ball rolling. The King appealed to Germany for help and got it—along with what amounts to German domination! It is too early in the day to say that this means war between Germany and Russia; quite likely it doesn't. From what we know of the complex and bewildering game played between Berlin and Moscow to date, we'd say that the two have an agreement about Rumania, and that it is all being done with Hitler's stamp of approval. In fact, today's dispatches report that Russia, as well as the principal Balkan States, have agreed to "sit tight" till Hitler's little affair with England is over.

Furthermore, we prophesy this: when Hitler is done with the other nations of

Europe, and sufficiently recuperated, he'll take whatever he wants to take from Russia. That's only a prediction, but wait and see.

Russia doesn't want Rumania so much as she wants to strengthen her position in the Baltic; that may even involve her taking the Dardanelles, if she can. Her move last month in taking Galati brings her squarely up to German troops and territory, and it also gives her a foothold on the Danube. Almost at the same time she announced the closing of the port of Batum. Now Batum and the Danube mean a great deal to Germany: they mean oil and the highway over which oil must come in to the Reich. So, with the river and the oil wells under her thumb, Russia holds a trump against Berlin; she can cut off the life line at will, and while Germany may bluster and say it all means nothing, our guess is that there is many a sleepless head along Unter den Linden in Berlin. Loss of oil means loss of the war for Germany.

So the fate of Europe after all may not depend at all on whether London burns, but whether the Balkans burn. Should that happen, the Germans and Italians would be forced to withdraw men and machines by the thousand to settle the row. Trouble in the Balkans means hope for the British. And think this over: it is more than possible that Russia is not anxious to see Hitler win, after all, and that she is striking while she still can count on help from England, rather than later, when she would be forced to fight alone. By herself, she would be no match for Germany.

Either of these alternatives is probable—that Moscow and Berlin are working together, or that Russia is stealing a march on Germany while she has the chance. The next thirty days should tell.

**ROME:** Why Italy let France off so easily may not be known until the war is over. Originally she planned a far more devastating land-grab than eventually took place; Italy was said to be planning domination of the Mediterranean and nothing short of it. Djibuti and Nice and the rest of the pittance Italy got for her bloodless "war" against the French look like a pretty poor substitute for that.

What we must all remember here is that the fighting is not over yet, and that there is only an *armistice*, and no final terms of *final peace*. What the Mediterranean will look like when the carvers get up from their feast around the peace table is as yet an enigma. Either Italy will get far more booty than she has now, or Mussolini will be the joke of the world.

And if Hitler does short-change him, whom will he fight with next time Germany goes to war? He waited more than twenty years to get even for the trimming Italy took at Versailles; will history repeat itself?

**TOKYO:** Two developments of large concern to the United States have been reported from Japan. One is that Japan now has put the East under a "Monroe Doctrine" of her own; the other is that Japanese authorities are carrying the war in four directions—namely, to Burma, Indo-China, Hong Kong and the Dutch East Indies.

The Japanese version of the famous Doctrine is a strange perversion; it no more resembles Monroe's idea of protection than Hitler's idea of "protecting" Holland resembles it. Monroe never thought of armed intervention in this hemisphere in connection with his doctrine; Japan thinks of little else in connection with hers. Our President never planned wholesale conquests of land and the total prohibition of the nationals of other countries from America; Japan's Mikado says in effect to all save Japs, "Get out. You can't do business here."

It is pure cynicism; how on earth Japan expects the world to take it seriously is a question that only the Japanese mind can answer. How they can expect the United States to "understand Japanese intentions sympathetically," as they have often bemoaned, is more than any of us can grasp.

Furthermore, how the Japanese expect to secure any good will or cooperation from any nation in the world by such a move is also highly incomprehensible. They have a knack of doing the wrong thing in emergencies; witness their demand that the Chinese salute all Japanese soldiers in the street. That galls the Chinese. If the Nipponese had gone unarmed into China seeking cooperation, they certainly would have found it, would have won the East bloodlessly and eventually secured the ruling hand over that half of the world. If they had sought peaceable cooperation from the U.S., they might also have secured it. But no . . .



In some ways the Japanese are the smartest folk in the Orient; in others, the most unbelievably stupid. For their own good, they must be a little less stupid if they ever expect to get hold of an American dollar to develop what they have seized in Asia.

Insofar as the march on Indo-China and Burma is concerned, it may spell the end of the war for China. Mr. T. Z. Koo has long been saying that if and when those two roads were closed, Chiang kai-Chek would be in an impossible position. It looks now as if the only two avenues of supply left to the Generalissimo might be cut off. If that comes he must depend entirely on materials produced within his shrinking boundaries, and that may be too much of a strain for even the eternally-suffering Chinese.

The Dutch East Indies? Japan could take them easily now. But would the Axis let Japan keep them? And would the United States? The Pacific pot simmers every bit as hot as the Atlantic pot, for us; it isn't impossible that we may get into the war yet, by way of the Dutch Indies back door.

Hong Kong? Japan has long eyed that gem of British possessions, but she will have to grab it quickly. Once England wins over Germany, she will take care of Hong Kong. But if Japan pulls a blitzkrieg within the next few weeks, it is hard to see how England can save Hong Kong. And if the Briton loses that, he will find his Empire shaken to its foundations. Hong Kong is more than a harbor; it is a corner-stone.

**SOUTH OF U.S.:** The United States fleet, as we write, seems to have returned to Hawaii. But three of its cruisers have turned up in South American ports. Why?

The Monroe Doctrine explains it, partially. One hundred and seventeen years ago an American President foresaw what may happen now, within a few months or years—a European invasion of American shores. The South American Republics are ill prepared for such an invasion. They are, militarily speaking, among the weakest nations of the earth. They have forty-six warships to defend a 13,000-mile coastline, plus trained armies of 290,000 men and 500-600 planes. That means something when we look at the map and see that the Cape Verde Islands on Africa's West Coast (which might fall into Germany's hands) are just seven flying hours from the "bulge" of Brazil. Once in Brazil, an enemy could quickly establish naval and flying bases for an attack on the States.

The Axis might not be interested in doing that, and then again, they might. Writes Virginio Gayda, Mussolini's mouthpiece: "If the United States wishes to intervene in favor of some European countries against other European countries, we do not see why some day some great European power should not inter-

vene in favor of some American countries against the United States." That's pretty plain.

Add this to Gayda's gust: there are 3,000,000 Italians in Argentina, and 250,000 Germans; another 3,000,000 Italians and perhaps 2,000,000 Germans in Brazil; 16,000 first-generation Germans and 11,000 first-generation Italians in Chile. Is that a Fifth Column, or is it a Fifth Column?

Beyond the interest of the United States in those potential flying and naval fields is our peace-time interest in the rich granary of South America. From Latin America's wells gush 300,000,000 barrels of oil a year (the world's second largest source of supply); in Brazil and Argentina roam 74,000,000 head of cattle; in Brazil grows sixty-nine per cent of the world's coffee.

Yankee gold has developed a lot of this, and there has been opposition to "Yankee imperialism" and "dollar diplomacy" in this oil, cattle and coffee country for some time. But South America must now ask herself a new question: would Nazi-dominated imperialism be better, or possibly worse, than Yankee imperialism? If the Yank is chased from their borders, and the Briton, what may they expect of German totalitarian? It's a big question.

## AT HOME

**PHILADELPHIA:** So it's Willkie and McNary riding the elephant! The weary politicians have long since wended their homeward ways and left the destiny of the country in the hands of a big business man from Indiana and a farmer's champion from Oregon. Both pro-Willkie and anti-Willkie elements are by now agreeing that they picked a good man.

They certainly picked a colorful man. Mr. Willkie has been a registered Republican for just one year; he submitted his name to no State primary, has never been in politics and not until the day before the Convention did he form a group to push his nomination. But once under way, he moved like a human steamroller to the nomination.

It may be true to say that it was the galleries and not the delegations that nominated this man. The old-line bosses on the floor tried every trick to stop him: whispering campaigns, attempted combinations, propaganda and delay, but Willkie rode them down. That was one of the most encouraging aspects of the Philadelphia story: the people's choice conquered the bosses' choice, a man has arisen who has challenged not only the New Deal but the old boss-ridden form of politics as well. There has been a revolution in the GOP at Philadelphia that spells hope for the Republican party, whether their candidate wins or loses.

Dewey had the color, but not the experience and not the years; Taft, a "solid man" such as organizations love, put on a lavish campaign, organized along the lines of a Mark Hanna affair, and yet he fell. A personality won out over a wheel-horse. Whether or not that personality can win in November is something else again. It will have to be strong enough to make the country forget a label that will be pinned on Willkie by his opponents: Utilities! But the Utilities issue may be a dangerous one for the New Deal to use; so good that it may prove a boomerang.

A grand fighter won in the City of Brotherly Love. The Democrats (not yet assembled in Chicago as we go to press) will have to be on their toes with a man equally attractive. It will be a good scrap, come November, and free democratic America will love it.

**TAXES:** The country is shouting for "adequate defense", and with good reason. With just fifty-two airplanes capable of matching Europe's best, the Germans have them by the thousand; we turn out



DANIEL CARTER BEARD, BETTER KNOWN AS DAN BEARD, NINETY-YEAR-OLD NATIONAL COMMANDER OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

### What he says:

"A boy is the same today as he was in Father Abraham's time. He wears different clothes, does different things. But he does them in the same way. In every boy there is a spark of divinity, and if you appeal to that he always responds. There is no such thing as a bad boy; there are only self-centered boys."



eighty Army planes a month and Germany turns out 3,000; we haven't enough anti-aircraft guns to defend a single good-sized city. (Only one of the new 90 millimeter type!), and not one single complete mechanized division in the whole National Guard. We need defense, with a vengeance.

We'll get it—as the taxpaying individual realized last month. Hitler's world-putsch came home with a rude blow to the American pocketbook when Congress upped the taxes on incomes. Married Americans have up to now paid no such tax unless they earned more than \$2500; now they will pay on \$2000. Single Americans will pay on all net income above \$800. Cigarettes will cost more, booze and gasoline will shoulder new taxes. Why not?

Only the miracle of an Axis defeat can save us a tax burden that will shoot sky-high above any we have ever known, in this country. You may get an idea of what it will mean when we report that while we have been aghast at the proposal to raise four billions for defense, Germany spent *forty* billions getting ready to blast the democratic way of life from the face of the earth. And if Germany should get part of the French fleet, and possibly even the British fleet in case of a total Allied defeat, well . . . what then, Taxpayer?

**COMPULSORY:** Nearly two persons out of every three in the U. S., says the American Institute of Public Opinion, (the Gallup poll), are in favor of the proposed compulsory training suggested by the President. That makes a majority.

The proposal isn't law yet, and may not be; that depends on what happens in Europe. Even if it does become law, it will not necessarily mean military training. It will be "government service". It means compulsory training in mechanical work, in airplane and tank construction, in electrical, metal-working, wood-working fields; in every field behind the lines needing expert hands in event of war.

It is an unusual move. Never except in wartime has the U. S. used conscription in any form. It is a totally new defense policy in this democracy, but the people seem ready for it. Perhaps we have learned (from Great Britain and France) that it is bad to wait until the enemy is in your back yard before you start to get ready.

The plan may be limited to youngsters under twenty-one, designed mainly to teach cooperation. We think it will ultimately go a lot further than that.

**NEGRO HOSPITALIZATION:** Rev. Amos Carnegie, the colored man who is devoting his whole time and energies to promoting the building of adequate hospitals for his race in all the leading cities of the country, reports that he has confident hope that Congress will accede to the request of his Board of Trustees that six

hospitals for Negroes be built from the \$60,000,000 hospital fund proposed in a bill now before the lower house, having already passed the Senate. The cities in which the hospitals are to be built are Louisville, Memphis, Atlanta, Birmingham, Charleston, and Dallas.

## CHURCH NEWS

**QUAKERS:** Before the guns had stopped firing in 1918 the Quakers were doing reconstruction work behind the lines. After the Armistice they saved the lives of a million-odd German children, while the rest of us were trying to swallow our war-hatreds. While many another Church contented itself with passing resolutions on the late unpleasantness in Spain, the Quakers rushed in with bread, blankets and coffee. To make a long story short, the Quakers have kept their heads every time the world threatened to break up, offered a most practical witness for Christ, and won the respect of the world after the break-ups were avoided.

Now the American Friends Service Committee announces a civilian relief program to assist five million refugees in France, and the Student Peace Service of the same Committee is sending 100 "peace volunteers" across America to work for "political and economic changes which are essential for an enduring peace," and to aid in keeping America out of war.

That appellation, "Quaker" certainly can't mean quaking or uncertainty of the Friends' mind and soul; these are as steady as Gibraltar in a dizzy world.

**CHURCH, WAR:** The Religious News Service, one of the finest reporting agencies in religious journalism, has been studying the attitude of the American Church and Synagogue on the question of American participation in the European War. Taken as local groups, the Churches are overwhelmingly opposed to such participation, the News finds.

**NEWS:** That letter in last month's *Herald* from the lady who wants bigger and better Church News in this column is of more than passing interest—at least to this Editor, who received that letter, quick, from the Editor-in-Chief with the notation, "Any comment?" Editors-in-Chief have a subtle way about them!

There are two comments to be made. One is that church work isn't a headline-producing work, and we have no right to expect it to be. The curing of souls possesses none of the front-page drama of Hitler's devastating guns, so it just doesn't make the front page very often. We'll never forget the reporter who received a complaint from a Bishop at a great national Church assembly because the reporter was "not getting the as-

sembly news on Page 1." Said the reporter to the Bishop, "Well, *do* something, and we'll put it in!"

The other comment is that the publicity agencies of the Protestant Church are about the poorest in the business. Nine-tenths of the releases that come across our desk from their desks go into the waste-basket in ten seconds flat. It may not be their fault. Who envies them, for instance, through the summer doldrums of June, July, August and September? Church news then is like the farmer's giraffe: there just isn't any such animal.

We're not trying to be facetious about it; we're only stating facts. And we think the publicity departments of the Churches might welcome a discussion of the whole question.

**GUILD ORGANIZES:** As announced last month, the Church Architectural Guild met June 21st, and completed formal organization. Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, of the firm of Cram and Ferguson, was elected Honorary President. Mr. Harry Leslie Walker of New York was chosen President; and Mr. Carleton M. Winslow of Los Angeles, and Mr. Philip Frohman, of Washington, were elected Vice-presidents. A representative of *Christian Herald* and Dr. E. M. Conover of the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture are among the other members who will take an active part in the work of the Guild. A great deal of interest has already been manifested, and it is confidently expected that the Guild will be most helpful to committees and officials concerned in any way with building or remodeling churches.

**JOINED:** In the Year of Our Lord 1529, in Marsburg, Germany, two men sat debating the question of the body of Christ in the Lord's Supper; one was Ulrich Zwingli and the other was Martin Luther. Agreeing on several other disputed points, they just couldn't agree on "The-Body-In-the-Supper." Result: two Churches were then formed, instead of one.

In the Year of Our Lord 1940, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, delegates of the Evangelical Synod of North America met with delegates of the Reformed Church in the United States and consummated the merger of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, the churches born of the Zwingli-Luther debate.

Those who don't like churches will remind us that it took these two four hundred years to get together; and those less caustic will remind us that it took the U. S. branches of these churches six years to work out the details. But what of that? The churches have plenty of time! What they should remember is that these two great communions are joining on a broad, common base of mutual respect and confidence and that the judicial commission appointed to adjudicate any difficulties that might arise *never held a single meeting.*



**METHODISTS:** The Methodists probably have the liveliest Youth organization in the American Church. This month a telegram was sent the President of the United States by the President of the National Council of Methodist Youth. It dealt with the proposed Conscription Act. It read:

"Youth does not want to be conscripted. Peace time enrollment for national discipline is a step toward dictatorship. It is not a defense measure but it is a method of escape from domestic problems like unemployment. It is the same method which Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin have used. We will refuse to submit to European methods even as we will refuse to participate in a European war. We choose the Christian way of democracy and peace."

**BAPTISTS:** Would that we had space to tell the whole story of this year's Northern Baptist Convention at Atlantic City, which we haven't. We wouldn't tell the story of the resolutions; we're resolved that resolutions are rubbish, nine times out of ten. We'd tell the story of the spiritual experience of that Convention; it turned out to be that sort of experience for everyone who attended. And it developed a oneness of mind quite unknown in previous Conventions.

That's what a Church Convention should be. We've had too much of assemblies that were organized to give individuals or groups an opportunity to sound off on their pet isms and ideas. We've had too much of conferences organized for the sake of political maneuvers that would put Tammany Hall to the blush. The world that surrounds the Church of Christ isn't interested in isms or personal ideas or politics; what it begs for is Christ, and if a Church conclave can't help give to it Christ, that conclave has no excuse for existence. We congratulate the Baptists; may they repeat the Atlantic City performance, ad infinitum.

## TEMPERANCE

**FUNNY:** Kansas has been the butt of many a prohibition joke; some of them actually are jokes, but most of them are pitiful.

Try to laugh this off: Kansas has fifty-four counties without any insanity whatever; fifty-four counties without any feeble-minded; ninety-six counties without a poorhouse; fifty-three counties without a person in jail and fifty-six counties without a man or woman in the state penitentiary.

Anybody see anything funny in that?

**ARRESTS:** Interest has been aroused by the report of the F. B. I. which holds that in about 1200 leading American cities arrests that resulted in holding

liquor offenders for prosecution gained only 1½ per cent from 1938 to 1939.

That 1½ per cent looks innocent—as innocent as a newborn babe. But when we read that arrests in approximately 900 American cities show that in one year the persons arrested for booze offenses and released without prosecution increased by twenty-five per cent, the picture takes on a new meaning.

**EXPENSIVE:** W. C. T. U. Headquarters call attention to the following facts: Liquor is being sold at \$37,000 retail outlets.

We have 1 retail liquor license for every 300 residents, 11 saloons for every

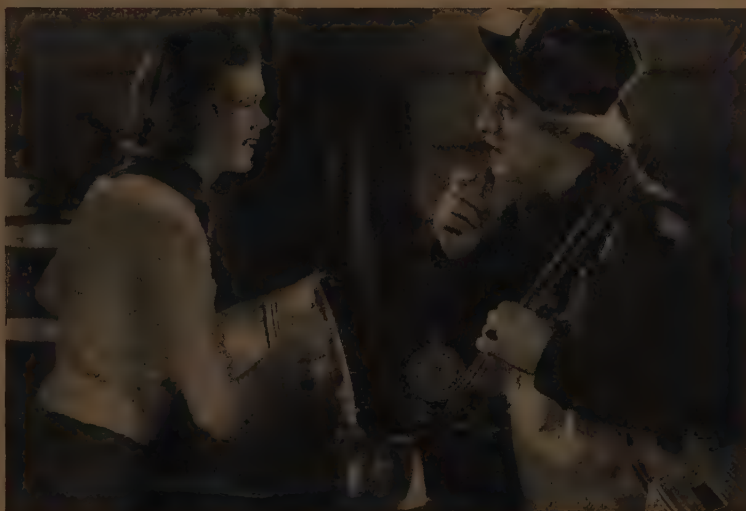
5 churches, one tavern or liquor bar for every 71 homes.

Our booze bill for 1939 is (conservatively estimated), around \$3,228,491,968.

For the 81 months from April 6, 1933 to January 1, 1940, we've spent some \$20,165,850,226 on liquor. That's conservative, too. And it is more by \$2,297,046,226 than the government expenditures for public relief from 1933 to 1939.

Ponder this: the entire federal government debt of approximately \$44,000,000,000 could have been wiped out with the money the people have spent for liquor and indirect liquor results since repeal.

That strikes us as being a bit expensive.



## "Whose Vacation Is This, Anyway?"

**C**AMPING out is fun—if it doesn't last too long. We speak of "roughing it" and brag about the hardships entailed. But only a few years ago it wasn't considered a hardship to live this way. For most people, it was the only way they had to live.

The tin washtub, for instance. It did duty Monday mornings and Saturday nights, and the water was heated in the reservoir at the back of the wood-burning range. Splitting the wood was good exercise—but it was no fun to get up in the middle of cold nights to keep the fire going. And the feeble kerosene lamps, though an improvement over candles, had to be continually cleaned and filled.

Sometimes we have to "rough it" to realize the improvements time has brought—many of them through electricity. Not only electric lights, and electric appliances to make housekeeping easier, but also automobiles, better roads, better coats and dresses.

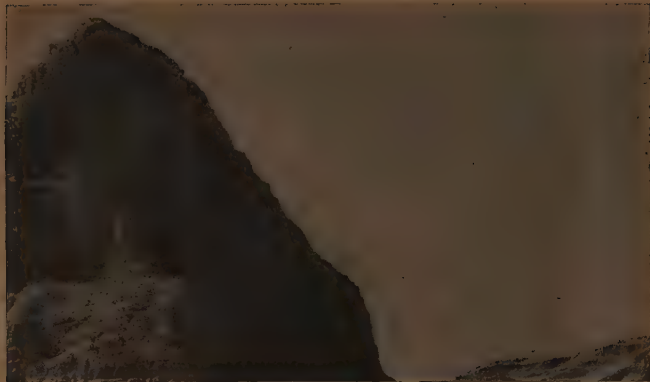
Wherever electricity has been put to work in industry, it has brought us better-quality and lower-cost products. And because General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen are finding still more ways to make electricity useful, we can look forward to still greater improvements in America's standard of living through the continued creation of More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR—SEE THE G-E "HOUSE OF MAGIC"—SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION





If, in his ceaseless climb to starry heights,  
Mankind has stumbled in the unlit nights,  
And sometimes lost his way through blundering  
years,  
Groping, and blinded by his mortal tears,  
Say not that he can never find again  
The sunlit path untouched by beating rain;  
Say not he has forgotten each singing stream,  
The silver trail of the pale moon's bright beam,  
And the old hope and faith and truth  
Of which he used to dream.

## Tomorrow

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE



He has gone far; and he has seen a world  
Of agony, wherein his spirit whirled,  
Shocked by the impact of War's awful might,  
Alarmed, bewildered in the hush of night.  
O, he has known the evil scourge of Mars,  
Blotting his vision of the clean white stars.  
Yet always he has hoped, without surcease,  
That a new age would bring the world release,  
And over him would blow at last  
The sweet, soft winds of Peace.

Meanwhile the rose has never failed to bloom,  
Despite the holocaust of death and doom.  
Always the grass has come with punctual feet  
To make the earth miraculously sweet;  
And the blue sky has never lost its blue,  
Though War's red flame has hidden it from view.  
Only man failed, in ages dark with stress,  
And he alone felt wrath and bitterness;  
Meanwhile the rose, the grass, the sky  
Their quiet force express.

If man could learn the rhythm of the rose,  
The wisdom of the grass! He never knows  
The patience of the sky. The lust for gain  
Hushes the golden music of the rain.  
The minted flowers are crushed beneath War's  
feet—  
O coinage sweet—unutterably sweet!  
But Nature's smile is lost in the rough race—  
Her glory, and her tenderness and grace.  
How she could soothe man's fiery heart  
In many a secret place!

But see how man lights our metropolis  
With mighty beams! See how his turrets kiss  
The very stars, as if they too desired  
To reach those heights whereto man has aspired.  
If he has failed, he will not always fail;  
He will move on, like seekers of the Grail,  
Watch the still rose and grass with their soft  
power,  
Look to the sky in some far, stronger hour,  
And wait for all his hopes and dreams  
To bloom as blooms a flower.

*Photograph by John Kabel*

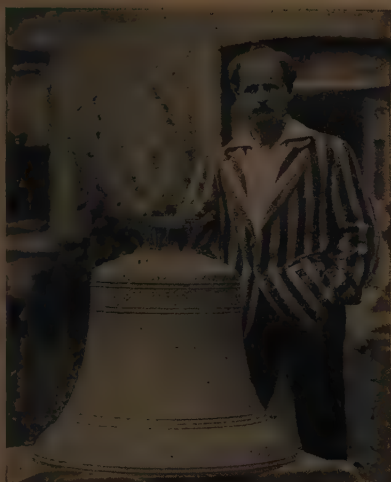


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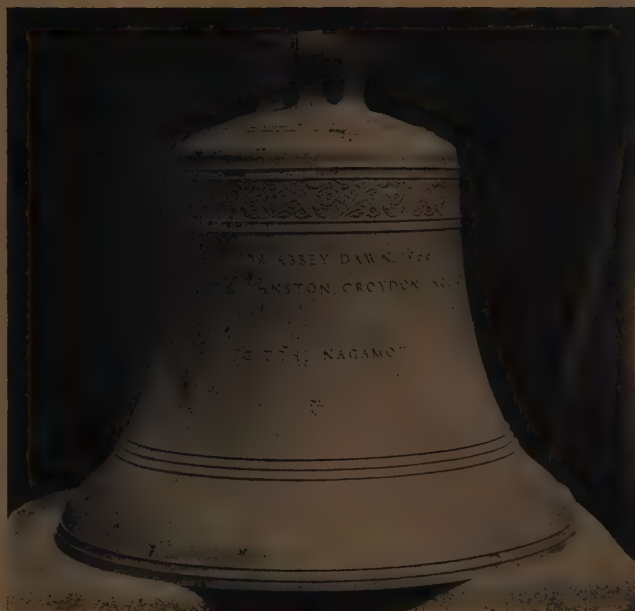


# CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



Above is the poet, Wallace Havelock Robb, standing beside the Poets' Bell, Gitchi Nagamo, before it was hung in its tower. At right is a closeup of the "Bell of Destiny" itself



## POETS' BELL

*By Beatrice Plumb*

**N**O ONE can study the history of the world's great bells without having a queer conviction that from their very foundry cradles they were called to be Bells of Destiny. This applies to every noted bell cast to play a great part in the life of the people—from historic Old Liberty at Philadelphia to beloved Big Ben, of London, Mighty Tom, of Oxford; from ancient Roland of Ghent, Belgium, dating back to 1314—and still ringing, thank God.—to the new, romantic Gitchi Nagamo, the Poets' Bell, of Canada, youngest and lightest "child" in the noble family of world-famous bells.

The story of Gitchi Nagamo is as delightful as a fairy tale, and almost as fantastic. One longs to start it with "Once upon a time there was a poet called Wallace Havelock Robb, who asked the fairies to bring him a bell to hang in his bird garden. . . ."

But Robb is no imaginary character from a storied past. He is a present-day, very real Canadian, whose lecture-re-

citals, illustrated with rare and beautiful colored slides from a ten thousand dollar collection, have won him international fame, and who, as a noted naturalist and wild bird photographer, has an imposing array of "Firsts" to his credit. Still—whether he asked the fairies to bring it or not—he *did* want to own "one Big bell" more than anything else in all the world.

He knew he'd never have enough money to buy himself a carillon, or even a chime, because poets are always poor in money no matter how rich they are in more important things. But, he sighed, if he could buy just one Great Big Bell to hang in his Bird Sanctuary, how wonderful life would be!

So that's just what he did. It was cast in a famous English foundry, and when it arrived in Kingston, Ontario, one fateful day in 1936, the Canadian Government frowned on it! It wasn't for a cathedral . . . a college . . . or a national shrine. It was just for a poet's garden.

Preposterous! What did this Robb want with a bell?

Wallace Havelock Robb—who had once shaken the dust of an unappreciative Canada from off his feet, to reside in the States where everybody liked him—explained it this way:

As he wandered in his Bird Sanctuary under the quiet stars, it was as if he walked in a poet's dream, an idyll of the country-side, suddenly made manifest. Only one thing was missing in his pastoral—the sound of a sweet-toned bell.

"So," explained he, "I ordered one . . . and here it is."

He could have added that he had written two prayer-like poems called "Morningsong" and "Evensong" to be engraved on his bell, but he was too poor to pay for more than two lines—which read:

"I give my soul to the silent dawn,  
And it goes where the song of the bird  
has gone."

All of which left the customs officials quite cold. They held the bell for taxes and duty, amounting to one hundred and thirty-five dollars!

It was an outrageous "cultural fine," protested the poet. But all appeals to the Premier proved in vain. The poet, having spent his all on the bell, had to borrow money to pay the tax.

By the time he reached the railway shed a crowd had collected, eager to see



this goofy chap who had bought himself a "Fool's Bell" which had got him into financial difficulty with the government. What in the name of common sense did the fellow want with a bell weighing almost a ton? With no place to hang it in but a tree!

Poor badgered bard! Good hard common sense is not the predominating characteristic of any poet. He thought longingly of Abbey Dawn, his home, and wished both he and his beautiful Gitchi Nagamo were safely there on the lawn, under the maple tree. Then the news men closed in on him to shoot a barrage of questions, all stodgily sane, sensible and soul-less.

"For what particular purpose did you buy this bell?" demanded one.

"Poets have always loved bells. I wanted this one just to make a sweet sound at eventide."

They chuckled. This was going to be good.

"What's your ringing order?" another shot at him. "Will you ring it on the King's birthday, at high noon, as a curfew, or what?"

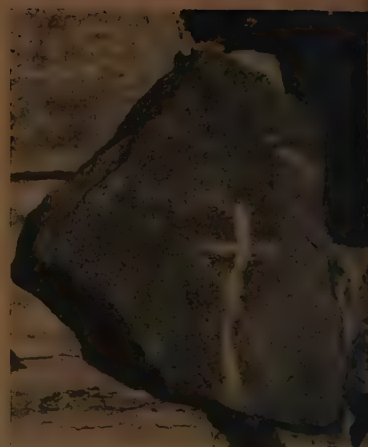
The poet was tired and annoyed. "I'll ring it when I feel in the mood," he said testily.

"That's all we want to know!" chortled they, and the whimsical story went winging its way over the sea, so that readers in France, Spain, Germany, Belgium and England heard all about the poor Canadian poet who had bought himself one great bronze bell, naming it Gitchi Nagamo, meaning "A Beautiful Song." And how he was going to ring it when he felt like it!

I suppose there isn't a person in the whole wide world who has not held in his heart some lovely foolish dream. Here was a man who had not let life snuff it out. Here was a man who had hung onto his dream for years, in spite of many disappointments and that more cruel thing, derision; and now—see! It had come true! Was he so foolish, that poet?

The little newspaper story, sent out to get a laugh, drew a sigh instead. In thousands of homes it was clipped and tucked away in a safe place for a second, third and fourth reading. And soon visitors from far and wide came seeking Abbey Dawn Sanctuary to ask, with a trace of wistfulness in their voices, to see and hear the Poet's Bell. Many who could not come, sent greetings in verse. Poems from every state in America came flooding in to Abbey Dawn, some signed by illustrious names, still more by unknown poets who wished to honor this great bell named for North America's first unknown bard—probably a soft-tongued, fleet-footed Algonquin Indian who voiced his melodious poetry in many a river's name.

Radio artists, listened to by thousands of fans in America, journeyed to Abbey Dawn to hear the Poet's Bell. One was our own "Cheerio" on whose program



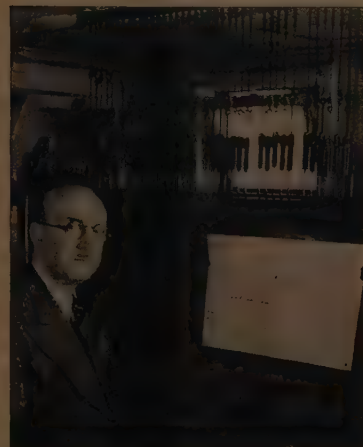
Above, winter at Abbey Dawn, Gitchi Nagamo—"A Beautiful Song"—in its pine tree tower. Right, the Abbey Dawn cross, found in the Bird Sanctuary by Mr. Robb. At the left is shown Mrs. Robb, ringing Gitchi Nagamo for the first time after it was assembled in its frame. Below, Poets' Festival by the bell tower, and at bottom the first Abbey Dawn, at Chazy, New York.







At the left, above, is Riverside Baptist Church, New York, tower home of the world's largest carillon, containing seventy-two bells—the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. At the right, the famous carillonneur of Riverside Church, Kamiel Lefèvre, who helped Wallace Havelock Robb find the Poets' Bell



Wallace Havelock Robb had appeared. Poets from distant lands across the sea came to claim the right of their calling—to ring Gitchi Nagamo! Poets' Festivals were held beside its tower. After that, Robb gently moved the apostrophe and made it the "Poets' Bell." It was theirs as much as his! And from that moment Gitchi Nagamo took its rightful place among the other great bells of the world, which are great, not because of their bulk but because of the beauty of their symbolism in the lives of the people.

If, as the whimsical Robb insists, the fairies gave him his Poets' Bell, then they live in New York City, of all places!

And high up in the belfry of Riverside Church, where the great Kamiel Lefèvre plays the Rockefeller carillon, largest in the world, as only a consummate master can. For it was here that the Poets' Bell first emerged from misty dreams and began to take on definite form.

For three years Robb had been climbing Canadian church towers, trying to find out tone, weight and—especially—cost of one big bell. He had even gone to the noble tower of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa. He had stood in that windy place, two hundred feet above street level, on a day when it was six below zero, measuring the bells of that superb carillon with a yardstick! But he had come away defeated, for the assistant carillonneur had not been able to give him the weights of the bells, or the price.

Called to Radio City to broadcast with Leibert on his organ program, Robb seized the chance to seek out Kamiel Lefèvre at Riverside Church and tell him about his quest for "one big bell with a sweet tone," to complete his Sanctuary.

Robb stood there, with his wife, very afraid that the great Lefèvre might not understand. So few people did. Again

and again he had struggled to make others glimpse this strange dream of his to have a Poets' Bell. And always he had failed. He had come to expect it.

But this time the unexpected happened. The great Lefèvre was not only sympathetic, he was thrilled. "But this is an astonishing development in bells!" the great artist was exclaiming, his accent richer for his excitement, "something entirely new! Bells and bells for hundreds of years, but nobody ever thought of a poets' bell before! It took a poet to think of it!"

Robb stared at him in dazed delight. He understood?

"Yes, yes, I understand it all; for I, too, am a poet. We must make no mistakes, for this will be the first bell of the kind in the world—a new servant of humanity, to beautify the common day. Come, let us sound and select your poets' bell."

And up there in that lofty New York belfry, high above the teeming city, sat those two extraordinary people, the poet of Abbey Dawn breathlessly listening while the great carillonneur softly sounded bell after bell, translating a bell founder's catalogue of pounds and prices into music.

"His was the only comprehending heart my dream had ever encountered," the poet told me. "It was as though Lefèvre and I had known each other always—"

The hour for one of his famous recitals was fast approaching, yet there sat patient Lefèvre, the master of a majestic instrument of seventy-two bells, the largest weighing twenty tons, bending all of his mighty genius to helping this eager-eyed stranger choose the one lone bell of his dreams!

At last he found it, sounded it softly, again and again, the one perfect choice. It was a tense, thrilling moment for our poet. In spite of all he could do, tears flooded his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He looked speechlessly at his wife. She nodded. This was his dream bell!

But now it was time for Lefèvre to begin his recital. He took them inside, and shut out the world. The poet will never forget that stupendous experience!

"There, at his loom, sat Lefèvre, that weaver of matchless patterns of sound," he relates. "He moved like an inspired multi-fisted god of majestic harmonies. . . . He had shown me the lever which controlled the selected bell. In all the reverberations of melody, whenever he struck that note, all other sounds faded! I could hear it calling against all others, like a prophet proclaiming the coming of some new and unexpected sweetness. . . . When we descended, there was nothing left to do but get to the details of ordering the bell."

And so his quest was ended.

When did it begin? Well, that goes back to the time when he fell in love with a church—an abandoned little Gothic church with leaded windows—just before the then Prince of Wales strolled into his life. It was this way. When still a young man, not long back from his World War service in France, Robb sold his interests in the Montreal business of which he was president, and retired to work in the more congenial fields of poetry and nature study.

But Canada was not impressed by his poetry. It did not follow the conservative pattern. "His muse is as wild as the birds of which he sings," is still the verdict in Canada's Who's Who.

Therefore, in 1921, believing he had no chance of (Continued on page 48)





# Why does GOD allow

By

RALPH  
SADLER  
MEADOWCROFT

**T**HE one problem which is on all our minds is the war. It is incredible the change it has made upon our lives. A year ago we sat after dinner and nodded our heads as we talked about the coming conflict. Yes, the war was coming; of that we all felt certain. It was rather an exciting subject, but it did not keep us awake.

Even last September, when the war began, the problem seemed abstract and rather academic. It was three thousand miles away, and our unanimous word was neutrality. Like the English, we began to call it the "Second Bore" War. But suddenly two months ago, it became a ghastly nightmare. Our mood has grown more feverish than the stock market, while our lives have become intimately related to the abattoirs of Europe.

Religious people have reacted to this situation in two ways. Some have turned to prayer, that God would perform a miracle and break the powers which threaten civilization. Others have been so overcome by the apparent triumph of barbaric force that their faith has been shaken. In home after home during the

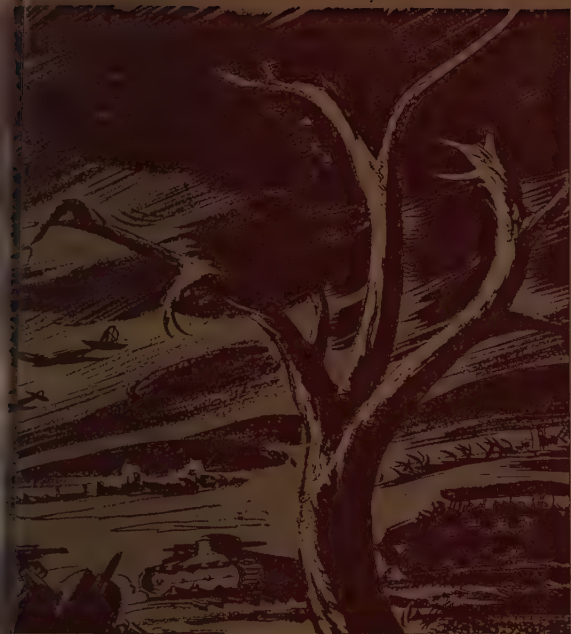
last few weeks I have been asked the same agonizing question, "How can God allow this war? If God has all power, is He not stronger and able to destroy Adolf Hitler?" Some have even gone so far as to cry, "If Hitler wins this war, I shall lose my faith." This is a deep and searching matter, upon which we rightly ask an answer to this tragic moral dilemma—why does the everlasting God allow such a brutal wickedness as this war?

First of all, it is important to notice the word of the question—why does God *allow*? It is not the word *send*, for in the most emphatic way, let it be said, God did not *send* this war. This campaign has been engineered by devils, not in the mind of God. It is absolutely untrue to ascribe to God the authorship of this war.

Then why does God allow it? Surely a loving father would save his children from disaster. But there is the answer; God could not stop the war and remain the Father of men. I know that sounds completely contradictory. God, the mighty creator can do anything. Do we not ascribe "all might, majesty, dominion and power" unto Him—to such a One stopping a war would not be difficult? Ah, but God did not choose to be a monster dictator—a sort of Hitler, a billion times bigger than Adolf himself. God chose to be our Father, not our absolute Master.

To achieve this, He gave man the power of free will, so that we can voluntarily choose to be related to Him. For that is the only way you can build a family relationship. Even a little child cannot be forced to love his parents. You might force him to obey your will, because you are bigger and can always thrash him into submission, but you cannot make him love you; you must court affection. The same fact is true in the building of character. You can punish a child for doing wrong, but no amount of force can make a child good. That must come through cooperation, example and free association.

So God can have a human family that is built on truth and justice only by giving men freedom to choose whether they prefer to do good or evil. If God ever interfered with man's right of choice, He would instantaneously destroy the free brotherhood of mankind, and reduce us to a race of slaves. One such interference would mean the end of a free humanity, and would immediately obliterate all possibilities of democracy, of human freedom and righteousness, now or at any time. For who could resist God's power if He ever used it? And who could ever trust Him if He once broke His covenant of Fatherhood with mankind? We should live always under the terror that no matter how glorious our civilization became, at any moment



# this WAR?

it pleased His fancy, God might sweep it aside with the motion of His will.

When people cry that God should stop this war, they do not realize the enormity of their request, for they are asking that God shall become a super-tyrant. If man is to be free, then God *must not* interfere.

This brings us squarely face to face with the question, who caused this war? And the answer is equally obvious—man himself. It is easy and very tempting to put the blame on one man, but no one man could be entirely responsible for such a cataclysm. Adolf Hitler is the incarnation of the black evil which would destroy the precious civilization of mankind, and of the ignorance, stupidity and moral indifference which allowed him to grow, but he is not solely responsible. The blame must rest upon the shoulders of the German people, who in their despondency, sold their spiritual heritage for this evil mess of pottage, and who are now slaves of his hypnotic will.

Possibly the German people can point to many improvements which Hitler has brought to pass; but if ever a people accepted a Faustian contract, it is the population of Germany. The radical alteration in the judgment of war-guilt which has occurred during the last month throughout the civilized world is a tragic commentary upon the glory of modern Germany. Whoever wins this war, the books of history must inevitably record

forth, they paved the way for Hitler's conquest. Second, they sank into a damnable complacency of spirit, and neglected to support, adequately, such machinery of peace as they possessed; for example, the people of Great Britain, in the years following the war, possessed great faith in the League of Nations to avert war. Whether they were right in this belief does not now matter—their faith was strong. But did they support the work of the League? On the contrary, in the years of the 1920's the people of Great Britain spent ten times as much for beer and liquors as they gave to the support of the League, the instrument for the preservation of world peace. Such a love of peace deserves no comment—it can only expect to reap a harvest of war. Moreover, the destruction of the League of Nations as an effective international instrument, is not wholly the fault of Germany or Italy. The first mortal blow upon the constitution of the League was delivered by His Britannic Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, when in 1931 that gentleman persuaded the League to betray its principles and not endorse Secretary Stimson's denunciation of Japanese aggression in Manchuria; thus making Manchukuo, Ethiopia, Albania, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Finland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg possible. Yet

While Hitler symbolizes the evil forces which would destroy the precious civilization of mankind, he is not solely responsible. The whole German people must share that responsibility; but even that is not the final answer. England and France, by strangling such efforts as their defeated enemy put forth after 1918, and by their failure to endorse Secretary Stimson's denunciation of Japanese aggression in Manchuria must share the blame. So must the United States, for retreating behind our boasted wall of isolation

DECORATION BY HENRY LUHR'S

that the peoples of the Reich not only chose bullets for bread but have now adopted barbarism in place of brotherhood.

But the blame must also be borne by the victorious Allies of the last war, who committed two unforgivable crimes. First, they continually humiliated the defeated enemy, and discouraged the faltering steps of Germany's infant democracy. By strangling such efforts as the Reich put

through these years of the twenties and thirties, the people of Great Britain slept. Only three months ago did they finally awaken. That is a brand of stupidity for which no nation can be excused, and for which they will pay dearly in blood and heartbreak.

And, finally, we are not blameless. We retreated behind our boasted wall of isolation. But isolation is impossible, as we have suddenly realized now the British fleet is seriously threatened. Moreover, it is morally indefensible; for who gave us the right to refuse God's law that "no man or nation can live unto itself?" However, we took that stand, and refused any practical aid to a tottering world until Mr. Hull inaugurated his courageous attempt to help break down the deadly tariff barriers which were as much our creation as any other nation's, and which are one of the fundamental causes of the present conflict. In all honesty, all civilized people must admit the truth of those words of the prophet Jeremiah, "We have sinned against Thee, O Lord."

God did not send this war. He allows it because He must, for interference on His part would debase our humanity into fearful slavery. We have created this war—it is mankind which must bear the blame. But it is useless just to bemoan our mistakes. Now that the war is here, what shall we do with the situation?

First, let us be men and women who accept their own moral dividends; above all, stop being cowards and blaming God for what we have caused. It is a solemn and fearful law, "As a man sows that shall he also reap." That law is true for individuals, and it is equally true for nations. If a man sows wheat in his field, he will not harvest a crop of barley, nor will seeds of maize produce oats. God has shown us how to live together, and by what laws our conduct should be governed. He has promised that the harvest of such behavior shall be the lion and the lamb lying down together. But don't blame Him if we sow hatred, jealousy, poverty, and reap sorrow and death. If there is one thing more contemptible than a criminal, it is a criminal who whines when he is punished. Then let us accept the blame, in such proportion as we are responsible, and not try to "pass the buck" to God. If we have to suffer



because of the kind of world we have made, at least let's be men about it.

The second thing is that we pray God keep us Christian as this struggle continues. It is inevitable that our moral faculties will be outraged; indeed, that person who cannot discern the moral issues involved in this struggle, has sad need of moral perspective. We shall hate the brutal acts of aggression, the utter disregard of human rights and dignity. Our indignation will boil at the tyrannies and hypocrisies of men. But amid it all, God keep us Christian. We do not yet know what price will be asked of these United States; but even if the hour comes that we must wear a uniform and shoulder a gun, still God keep us Christian. For the ghastly penalty of war is that in fighting barbarism, you become barbaric; in destroying tyranny, you grow tyrannical; in seeking to crush animalism, you become an animal. It will be hard indeed to resist those influences.

Yet Jesus did. He was a fighter who opposed evil so tenaciously that the leaders of corruption killed Him, yet He remained free from hatred to the very end. He resisted wrongdoing with every power at His command, of word, and argument and force of arm, yet his last moments were given to the forgiveness of His enemies—He opposed sin, but loved sinners. Ah! you say, but this is an impossible ideal. Possible or impossible, it has got to be, for a Christian who hates his enemy has two blunt alternatives: either to stop having an enemy or stop being a Christian. Jesus did not say you cannot have an enemy, for He had them Himself; but, paradoxically, the Christian can have an enemy only if he loves him. And the Master demonstrated that the paradox is a practical possibility. Therefore, pray as you have never prayed before that God will give you strength of character and judgment to stay Christian as this conflict continues.

Finally, pray God save us from complacency, that peace will be achieved of itself. Some day, please God soon, this war will be over. We are almost, if not completely, unanimous in our hope of who will finally triumph, and rightly so, for the very issues of civilization are at stake. But whoever wins, Europe will almost certainly be exhausted. Each day the balances of world leadership are being tilted more and more toward the United States. The immediate future of the world does not depend upon Germany, nor upon England, but upon America. Either we are going to lead the nations, or they are not going to be led, and will consequently sink down into chaos and anarchy.

Now this may seem a cause for triumph; I feel it is a cause for fear. The issues of the quality of our leadership are so tremendous, so far-reaching that a true American might well feel the responsibility overpowering. Of course we can use the opportunity for increasing our national wealth and glory if we wish,



## THE SWASTIKA

This ancient religious symbol of benediction and well-being has today become, as the emblem of Nazi Germany, the symbol of brutality, barbarism and destruction



but every dollar we grasp will be paid for with the blood of our children upon the battlefields of an imperialistic world, while our vaunted glory will be the heart-break of our women.

There is another way—a way not primarily concerned with the wealth of dollars and cents, nor jaundiced with the aged bitterness and hatreds of old Europe. It is a way of brotherliness, of sound economic enterprise geared to service rather than profit, a way of freedom, constitutional justice and opportunity, a way in which, to paraphrase Noel Coward's words, sin-sick humanity might

find "dignity and greatness and peace again." For that is the possibility of our nation's hour of destiny. And it depends upon you and me, and the other citizens of good will, as to whether these things shall come to pass. There are many in this nation who anticipate the future only for greed's sake, who are perfectly ready to violate all principles if by it they can profit. It is a race between them and the godly citizens as to who shall dominate this nation.

Each week the war continues reveals more clearly the revolutionary changes which are coming. As we enter the summer, a possible outline of the world of tomorrow is appearing. It is to be a world of continental powers. The Middle Ages was a period when loyalties were to the villages and the country. Wars were fought between the different lords of the counties, as between Lancaster and York in the English Wars of the Roses, and ordinary men rarely thought of themselves as Frenchmen or Germans. This type of society was destroyed by the coming of the modern world in which counties were amalgamated into nations. Today men think of themselves as citizens of a state such as the United States of America or England. Now it appears that the nations are to be forced into still larger masses of society and in the world of tomorrow there will be a European people, an American people, the Asiatic and possibly the Russian. Only the peoples of Africa might remain under the government of a continent other than their own. These continental powers will be huge bodies of people with vast economic enterprises and demands. Just as the modern world has progressed far beyond the small insular life of the Middle Ages so the future may make our generation seem poor and barbarous in comparison.

But there is another alternative for hugeness does not in itself bring peace. On the contrary, the greatest wars of history are modern wars. In place of thousands of soldiers we have millions. And in that mighty continental system of tomorrow there may be wars which will make our conflicts seem like child's play. We have millions of soldiers but that world might hurl hundreds of millions of men against one another.

The significance of this moment is, however, that the new world has not yet taken shape. No one knows what it will be like. The Nazis claim they have plans, but necessarily such plans are only very tentative. The leaders of England do not understand the future nor do our authorities in Washington. We are all bewildered as we contemplate the future. Which means that the world of tomorrow is awaiting new leadership to direct us through its portals. And that is the tremendous opportunity of the Christian Church. If we are prepared to ally our convictions with a great rebirth of Christian intelligence, we can actually produce a Christian world-order.



# WINGS OF PRAYER



*By Manuel Buaken*

 ARE prayers answered? Mine was. Yours can be.

Man has wings. He soars in his airplane among the clouds, but only the pilot knows the chances of the game, and how frail those wings are and how the whims of the elements can toss him about. For strength and sureness in your wings—pray. Only God can give you safety. This I learned.

This is the story of my last flight. I knew I should quit, but I was afraid to quit. I knew my health didn't permit me to have a calm mind in emergencies, but I was afraid. Grounded by fear, that's what I feared.

Flying was my business. I got into it by way of the first World War. After I was mustered out of the air service, civilian life on the ground seemed too tame for me. Flying does that to you. There is ever-changing beauty in the skies. There is also the ever-changing challenge of the elements. The airman lives in daily battles with fog and wind and rain—the winds that do battle around our spinning globe; up drafts and down drafts, wind shift lines, dust storms, line squalls, thunder storms, hail storms, sleet, ice on the wings, snow and tornadoes. All these the airman must be ready to contest at any moment. Calmness he must have, and Faith. Faith in his own ability to meet emergencies, and Faith in the support of the Heavenly Father.

After some years of running a one-man passenger service, I had established my own flying school. It was the financial worry connected with this school that had destroyed my peace of mind.

So I had come to the day when my Doctor insisted that I eliminate all those things in my life that caused me worry or anger, and inaugurate a health regime instead. But I couldn't quit flying. I felt that I couldn't, because nowadays when I was in the air I was haunted by the suspicion that this illness of mine

was only a sort of defense mechanism I had set up to excuse my fear. Was I, after all, a coward whose fear had made him ill? So I went on flying.

This particular flight—this last hold-your-breath-flight—began at Los Angeles. My passengers were three men, relaxed in accustomed acceptance of the pilot's ability and reliability.

In the beginning, the fog held me to the ground for hours, and in exasperation I thought it would never lift. At length I could delay no longer, and took off through the fog, flying by my instruments until I reached the San Bernardino mountains and clear skies.

I had been over this route many times, but the sign posts of the air lanes are often erased by winds and fogs, and in this case, by mental fog. So I lost the route—I lost it because all the time half of my mind was concerned with my own physical symptoms and emotional reactions to them. Nothing in my mind to give me security and calmness and confidence.

When I finally realized I had lost the way, I was clear down to Parker, Arizona, and it took me about an hour and a half to get back on the true route to Kingman.

At length I made a forced landing on the old deserted airport at Holbrook, Arizona, and spent the night there, hoping the delay would be justified by improved weather next day.

But the very elements seemed in a conspiracy against me. Next morning there was no wind at all, a great handicap in the take-off. This fact, combined with the high altitude, that gives the motors the additional difficulty of rarefied air, plus the heavy load of the ship, made the take-off hazardous. My passengers sat in blissful ignorance while I made that hair-raising take-off, narrowly missing high tension wires and flaming death for all of us.

A period of comparative calm prevailed for a time. Calm of the elements, but not of my own swirling mental climate. This inward confusion had resulted in my failure to properly supervise the installation of oil in the machine when it was serviced that morning. The plane I was flying was the same type as that used by Lindbergh in his famous flight, having a closed-in fuselage, so that it was necessary to leave room for the oil to expand as it heated, there being no escape provided for it. Oh, yes, there was a way. It took that after we had been in the air thirty minutes or so. Exploding from the motors, the oil covered my windshield, completely blotted out my field of vision, and forced me to land to clean off my ship.

That was another delay, and it landed me right in the middle of the prize dust storm of the season—the dust storm that occurred the day the U. S. dirigible Akron broke apart over the Atlantic, and that grounded Lindbergh in the Texas Panhandle country, and wrecked a number of planes in various parts of the country. So I floundered on—Kansas City at last, and refuge from that storm until morning. Still worrying if I was afraid, if I myself was fit to pilot that plane.

Next morning was still hangover morning for the storm. In fact, I hadn't been flying long before I wished I had stayed on the ground. Visibility was extremely poor, and small storms kept closing in on me. I started to search for a possible landing field, feeling sure that the big blow of yesterday was scheduled to continue.

Missouri mud. It's famous. Almost as famous as Missouri mules, and far more dangerous to a plane. The state had few landing fields, and I knew if I had to sit down on a clay mud bed I'd never get out. I knew there was a landing field at Kirksville, and I searched for that town intently, flying low. Too low. It was a country of low, rolling hills, and I was forced to fly my plane so close to the ground—in order to see the ground—that after flying blind a couple of minutes, I was shocked to see that the top of a wind mill was higher than my wing, and only about a hundred feet from it. Unable to climb out, and fearing a crack-up against each low hillside, high tension wires or buildings, I fought my way through the storm, weaving back and forth over northern Missouri and southern Iowa.

I glanced back at my passengers—they were calmly engaged in their usual card games, while my nerves quivered wildly with the awful certainty that a crash was here any minute.

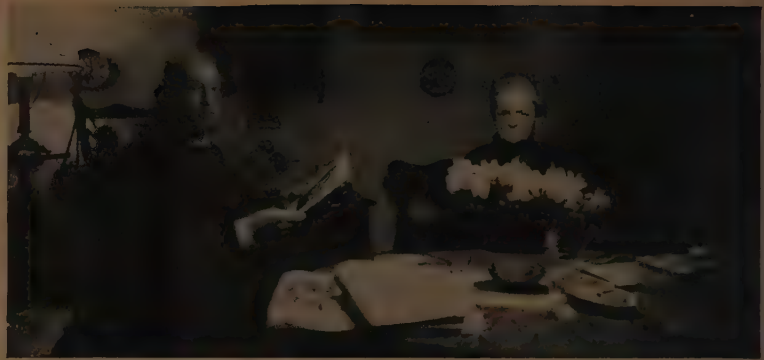
But once again it was over-caution that had brought this predicament. It wasn't necessary to land—my fears had proved worse than reality, for the storm lifted a little and I was able to get away from these conditions.

I was mighty (Continued on page 50)





The Dutch youngsters at the cookhouse, display a vigorous appetite for "hutspot"—the Holland equivalent of beef stew (All photos by the author)



Holland homes and family life are much the same as ours. Mr. Voorthuis and his sister, in their living room at Meppel, might be citizens of any American town

# WE DO NOT ALL WEAR WOODEN SHOES

*By Lewis B. Sebring, Jr.*

**W**HEN you get back to America, please tell your friends that we do not all wear wooden shoes, won't you?"

Those were the parting words of a Dutch friend of mine as we said goodbye on the Holland-America Line pier in Rotterdam in the spring of 1938, after I had finished my third visit to his country. He spoke with a laugh, for one look at him was enough to tell that he was dressed even more modishly than I; and yet that remark lingered in my mind.

It lingered because in it was to be found the essence of that pride which the people of the Netherlands have taken in their accomplishments in recent years, as well as in the more distant past. The remark was the sign of a nation grown up—grown up out of its fertile fields into an empire of commerce, a nation expanded from a tiny spot in western Europe to one of the most modern, up-to-date lands of the world, both in its homeland and its overseas possessions.

These comments do not overlook the fact that the Netherlands—or shall we say Holland, to use the more common expression—has been a nation of world-wide commerce for centuries, but they do definitely recognize the fact that little Holland itself, the 12,000 square miles of land in Europe, has, in the last quarter of a century, grown up to compete in modern accomplishments with countries many times its size.

The remark came back to me with added force this year, too, because the very pier on which it had been uttered had become a shambles, a ruin, through a force which the Dutch had hoped and prayed would never strike. But it did strike, from the land and from the air, just as the first warm breezes of a late spring were beginning to transform the

country into a land of unbelievable beauty—a land fragrant with the scent of millions of flowers nestling in brilliant strips between the waters of sky-blue canals.

"It is for us in Holland a very nervous time," wrote one good friend a few weeks before the blow finally came. "The only thing we can wish to each other is Peace in the whole world. So we will have good hope and trust in the future, and pray for a better world."

I turned to that letter as I sat in my home here, listening to the radio accounts and reading the news articles about the invasion. The letter was from a woman well along in years, and I could not help but wonder where she was then; and I wonder where she is now. Just two years before I had sat in the living room of her home—a new home of which she was very proud, in



The neat Dutch style fireplace and the lovely teaset, at the top, are in the Voorthuis home. At the right is the exterior of the home, with the wide windows typical of modern Dutch houses. At the left is the beautiful old pulpit in Ruinen church, dating back before the Reformation



Ruinen, a typical crossroads hamlet—except that there is no crossroad



Meppel, like all Holland villages—neat cottages, windmill, and canal



Loading a boat at Akmaar with—no, not honeydew melons, but cheeses

which she hoped to pass her declining years in peace and comfort.

We had returned from a day's trip by automobile through the country-side around her village. We were talking of the sights we had seen, the friends we had made, and old friends revisited, and of the treat still to come—a real dinner of "hutspot," the historic Dutch dish which is something of a cross between beef stew and a sort of vegetable stew. Just then the knocker on the front door sounded, and a maid answered.

Perhaps I should not say exactly "maid," for the young woman was more of a companion to my hostess.

Through the ensuing conversation in rapid Dutch I could recognize the voice of the young man who had driven us around that day. My first thought was that I had left something in the car, as he had received his pay and there was no earthly reason for him to return. There seemed to be a friendly argument, but I could not make out its meaning—my Dutch was not good enough for that. Soon the brother of my hostess, himself a man in his late sixties who had been my traveling companion in

to do with making Holland what it was before the invasion—and through a sturdy faith in God the people will bear up under whatever trials the future may have in store for them.

This may sound trite, perhaps a bit over-sentimental, but it is a statement of fact made with a knowledge of Dutch character and tradition. It will serve also to point up the story of a little country church in a tiny town in a distant province of the Netherlands—the sort of country church in which so many of us here had our religious beginnings, and which we like to think are as typically American as the little red schoolhouse.

Most of our little country churches are of wood, a few of brick and some of stone. The one in Holland of which I write is of brick, but it is older than any of ours, for the main structure dates back to 1423.

"The church really is older than that," the minister proudly informed me on my first visit there in 1932. "The tower was built about twenty-five years earlier."

The church is located in the village of Ruinen, in Drenthe province, which

other parts of the country, joined the group.

In a moment I heard him laugh, and after profusely thanking the caller, he returned to the living room, chuckling, and carrying in his hand two small coins, which I recognized as Dutch ten-cent pieces. He walked over to me, said "Hold out your hand," and placed the coins in my palm.

"It was the taxi driver," he said, "and he wishes to apologize to the American for overcharging him. He hopes you will not mind."

I looked at the coins, and then at my hosts. At the current rate of exchange, the money represented about eleven cents in American cash. I am afraid that I was speechless!

People like these are not easily subjugated; they will bide their time, and as they wait, they will pray—for religion has had much

has as its eastern boundary the former German frontier, and borders partly along the north the province of Groningen, the most northeasterly of the Dutch states. Ruinen is what we might describe as a crossroads hamlet, except that there is no crossroad, and it is not even on a railroad line. The population of some two hundred persons who comprise the town and its environs are mostly farmers, though a few of them work in a dairy and milk plant which is the community's only industry.

Few of the villagers have ever been far away from their town, and certainly few, if any, Americans had ever visited the town before I dropped in. An occasional Englishman passed by, I was told, but I was left to form my own conclusion that most Americans were not interested enough in the Netherlands to penetrate that far away from the beaten tourist paths.

I might not have done so, either, had it not been for the fact that it was from this village, or its immediate vicinity, that my ancestors came in 1660, to make their way to that new world in the west which must have seemed so alluring. My first visit to the Netherlands in 1932 was made with the sole objective of visiting this little town, and having seen it once, I determined to visit it again so that I might attend a service in the old church. What that service brought to me four years later, in inspiration and understanding of the real people of Holland, the people of the back country, was worth the effort of making both trips, and another which followed.

This understanding began in 1932, when, a stranger in what was then, to me, a strange country, I cautiously made my way as far up the eastern shore of the Zuider Zee as Zwolle, an important city of some size in Overijssel Province, which looked from the maps to be a good jumping-off place for my excursion into the unknown country to the north. During a short stay in Zwolle, I enlisted the good services of the hotel porter to guide me to the residence of the principal Dutch Reformed minister in the city, from whom I hoped to learn the name of the minister of the church in Ruinen, if, indeed, there were a church there.

The minister in Zwolle apparently was not accustomed to having hotel porters invade his premises, but once his natural suspicions were overcome at this strange request from a total stranger, and one who spoke little Dutch at that—the porter having pitched in most nobly to explain who I was and what I wanted—he was extremely solicitous for my welfare, and furnished all of the information I wanted, and more. In the few moments that I had to look around, I saw that he had a comfortably-furnished home, and appeared to be in reasonably modest circumstances. Then the porter rushed me away.

The story of how I reached Ruinen  
(Continued on page 45)





Uz came upon them. "Bind up your hair, girl," he said harshly

# TAMA *Blazes A Trail*

By

FLETCHER D. SLATER

**T**AMA stamped the ground until her olive cheeks quivered. "I suppose I don't count!" she stormed at Chilion, as their flocks mingled on the pleasant pasture east of the Jordan, land but lately wrested from the Amorites. "I suppose eighteen summers don't count! I'm still a girl!"

Chilion grinned cheerfully at her. "That's right, Tama. And Joshua won't have much use for a girl when his army tackles Jericho."

Tama's wrath slipped from her like a cloak at his matter-of-fact words. It was true; she was a girl, and girls were not wanted in the Israelite army now preparing to cross Jordan and take possession of the Promised Land.

Yet her brother Adnah, just turned twenty, was in the army. He wasn't tough and hard, like Chilion, although Adnah, too, had lived in the wilderness all his life. Tama had so wanted to go along with the army—as cook, scullion, anything—just to be with Adnah and take care of him. He had nobody else.

She choked back the sobs that gath-

ered whenever she let herself think of her disappointment, and tried to smile.

"I'm sorry I flared up, Chilion. Of course I'll tend your sheep, if you're bound to see Joshua. But he won't let you in the army. You're under age, and Joshua—"

"When he sees how strong I am," said Chilion confidently, "he'll let me in. Why, I can uproot an olive tree by the roots, Tama—a four-year olive!"

"What a pity," said Tama, slyly, "that you are only nineteen! Joshua might give the army a rest, if you were only a year older!"

Chilion groaned. "Think of me tending sheep while the army conquers Canaan! Never! But wait, Tama! You actually saw Joshua?"

She nodded ruefully. "And walked the whole way to the camp near the Jordan."

"What did Joshua say when you asked to travel with the army? Tell me! It may help me when I see him."

Memory shone through Tama's lustrous eyes. "He only asked me, 'Who will care for Adnah's sheep, if you come?'"

"And you let that turn you away?" Chilion's voice was edged with scorn.

Tama gulped and nodded. "I couldn't beg; he stood there so tall and straight and kind. Just think, Chilion—he's eighty-five; only he and Caleb alive, of all the men who left Egypt forty years ago!" She sighed. "He is a wise leader, Chilion, worthy to follow Moses. It's hard, but—"

"But what?" grunted Chilion.

"Well, who *would* take care of the sheep? There's no one. Even you want to join the army. We can serve Jehovah with the flock, as well as with the army, Chilion. That's what Joshua meant, and it's true, even if I do so want to go."

"Maybe," scoffed Chilion. "But that's not for me. You'll see Joshua suspend his rules when he sees my strength."

He turned to go, then stopped. "And—and if I never come back, Tama"—he said it lightly—"my flock shall be yours."

"Chilion! Please don't speak of that."

He drew himself up. "A man must speak of these things. We are both orphans, Tama. I have no one. The flock shall be yours, I say—if I don't come back from Canaan."

Tama squeezed back the tears as he untied the long knife at his girdle, fastened it to her waist, and strode off largely for the walled city where his donkey was stabled—the fastest animal, he boasted, this side of Jordan. Chilion would ride to see Joshua!

Tama tilted back her head and laughed. Chilion was such a boy—swaggering, impulsive, generous as ever.

Then she grew serious. This new land east of the Jordan was unsettled country. True, Joshua had conquered the territory. But heathen bands still roamed through it, and with most of the mighty men of Israel leaving to invade Canaan, there was little protection. Tama hugged with comfort the long knife at her waist.

Tama was folding the two flocks when the misty dusk came up from over Jordan. As the sheep passed under the venerable staff handed down from her ancestors, the *clack-clack* of cloven hoofs on the rubble made the bright red handkerchief on her dark head bob up in alarm.

Figures loomed up. Startled, Tama counted three—no, four! And a few

scraggly goats and some ribby cattle.

"Peace," came from the bearded lips of the leader.

"Peace." The comely girl herded her voice into its usual calm, but she could not tame the heart racing beneath her tunic. "Jehovah be with you."

"Jehovah—hah! And it's a girl! Where is your father?"

"We buried him in the wilderness," said Tama, sadly. Then she realized her mistake, and covered up quickly. "But my brother—"

"Is doubtless at the Jordan," laughed the man. "We are favored by Molech, men. A fairish flock, a pretty girl to lead them and bake us bread—"

A tall youth stepped to his elbow. "The girl, Father? These Israelites are mighty men—"

"Let them be giants, Peleg!" silenced his father. "Call out the sheep, girl."

Tama's heart stood still as she dared protest. "But the rain is beginning, and the night is black. At daybreak—"

The man chuckled. "At daybreak the whole world could see which way we take. Uz is no fool! Come!"

If she refused, Tama knew they would take the flock by force. No harm must come to these helpless creatures, beloved of Adnah. The thought of Adnah re-

alled her own plight. He would go crazy anything happened to her. Her only chance was to give no offense, to trust to Jehovah—and Chilion. She obeyed Uz, and called out her flocks.

When the sheep were huddled outside the rocky fold, Uz pointed northeast. Tama started off on leaden feet.

"Merciful Jehovah," she prayed silently, "be with me now. Make me wise like the serpent, wily like the fox."

Frantic plans pattered up and down the paths of her brain. She *must* show Chilion the way to follow her. To him alone could she look for help, for with Adnah gone, no one else would visit the lonely pasture. When Chilion came, she must tell him the direction of their march. But how? She didn't know. Girls were not taught to write, and if she could, Chilion could not read. And Uz was keeping so close to her there was no

chance to build little piles of stones along the way.

Tama's knees lost their strength, queerly, as she realized she could do nothing—nothing—

A gentle, pleading "Ba-a-a" came up to her from the flock. She recognized it. Little Silcah had lost her mother again, and was wet and cold and lonely.

Tama reached through the flock for the trembling little lamb. She lifted it up and wrapped her cloak about it, even as Uz reached her side.

"Do not lag!" he growled. "We must be among strange hills by dawn."

Tama nodded meekly. Then, as she felt the hard outlines of Chilion's knife, she had to fight a sudden smile of hope. That knife could make fleecy little Silcah furnish a woolly trail for Chilion!

"If he will only find it!" Tama's heart crowded her bosom at the chance he might not. "Blessed Jehovah, give Chilion searching eyes like the eagle's."

At dawn they made camp in a secluded glen. But before Tama could roll up in her coarse cloak of goat's hair, Uz bade Peleg search her. The girl wept in despair as the lad took her knife and her staff.

She cried herself to sleep. If Adnah ever came back from Canaan, there would be nothing for him—no sister, no flock, no ancestral staff. Unless Chilion—but no. Her knife was gone. The trail was ended.

Tama was awakened by the rude hand of Uz on her shoulder.

"There are beans and fig-cakes and meal and oil in the skin bags," he said. "Get dinner. And milk the goats."

Tama found the food that Uz had mentioned, with dates, lentils, and fine flour, besides. The fire-pan held no live coals, so she did what she could with cold viands, and called the men presently.

"May this food give me strength, Jehovah," she murmured.

"Eh? What's that?" demanded Uz, suspiciously.

"I was asking Jehovah's blessing."

"Keep silent!" commanded Uz. "Molech is the true god. All my people acknowledge his might. Girl! Can you spin?"

"A little."

"Get her the goat's hair, Peleg," said Uz. "My sandals need new latches."

Tama, by fashioning a spindle from a stick, and by using her left hand as a distaff, was soon spinning out a stout, coarse thread. And with every twirl of the spindle, she wondered how she could continue to mark the trail for Chilion.

As she spun, a shepherd approached with a small flock. Tama longed to call out a warning, but his sling looked well-used, and Tama's captors showed themselves friendly to him.

Then her head came up suddenly from her work. Could she do it? The men were momentarily absorbed in talking. Tama stooped, looped her thread around the tentpole, and then sauntered off



"Such beautiful hair," he whispered.  
"Like the glossy breast of a raven.  
My—my sister had hair like that!"

Illustrator RUTH KING



to a flat rock, where she sat down, spinning busily.

She heard Uz say to the shepherd, "And my tent stands a living witness—" Tama pulled hard on her thread. The tent came tumbling down!

Tama saw the shepherd's face crinkle and writhe as he strove for composure. "He will remember this meeting," she murmured. "And he'll tell that joke on Uz to everyone he sees. If Chilion searches well, he will hear about the falling tent."

At sundown they reached a spring of living water, sweet and good, and a village close by. Time for another signpost in her wordless trail for Chilion!

Tama was at a loss for the means, until she remembered the village. A village meant people, and people meant gossip. She must make them gossip.

**S**UDDENLY she pulled off her red handkerchief and shook down her hair. Every villager looked twice at this radiant, olive-cheeked girl with lustrous black hair unbound. They would not forget.

Peleg, too, looked at her. His eyes filled.

"Such beautiful hair!" he whispered. "Like the glossy breast of a raven. My—my sister had hair like yours."

Tama's heart warmed. "Where is she?" Peleg looked away. "Dead," he said tonelessly.

Uz came upon them. "Bind up your hair, girl!" he said harshly. "Peleg, forage at the hilltops for thorns. Our pretty maid will have fire for the evening meal."

Tama wearily hunted a flat stone for baking unleavened bread. Could Chilion ever find her peculiar trail? She could never contrive to speak a real message with anyone, Uz watched her so like a hawk.

Uz was delighted with her hot meal. "We have a treasure beyond the flock," he declared. "I shall take you into the tribe, girl."

Tama's warm cheeks paled. "Please, no," she begged. "My brother needs me. And it would displease Jehovah—"

"Stop!" he thundered. "This Jehovah! Molech will make you forget!"

Tama awakened the next morning in a cold sweat. She had dreamed that Chilion had been accepted by Joshua, and was already across the Jordan!

"Deliver me, Jehovah!" Tama clung to that desperate prayer all morning, like a refrain. Gradually hope returned, and trust. Surely Jehovah would save her.

Uz, perhaps divining her thoughts, dropped back. "Jehovah has deserted you, girl. Come. My maidservants must worship my god."

"Jehovah would never desert me," said Tama stoutly. "He will send aid."

Uz laughed scornfully. "We are swallowed up in these hills like five grains of sand on the seashore. No one can follow us."

They reached a pool by midday—a stone reservoir filled with the spring rains, and nearby the inevitable clump of dwellings. Tama remembered the trail. She must do her part.

After she had watered the two flocks and Uz's scant herd, she leaned over to bathe her face—far over, too far. Her gay handkerchief fell in the water. Laughing, Tama wrung it out and spread it to

dry on the horns of a lean ox near her.

An ox with a red turban! As the little clan of Uz trudged through the village to camp for dinner, Tama could hear the villagers laughing heartily at the sight. She cooked dinner with almost a light heart. Surely Chilion could not miss this guidepost. But the next? She must not duplicate. Uz would become suspicious.

As the long afternoon wore along, Tama's flopping, wornout sandals caught strangely at her attention. Her dark eyes began to rove eagerly ahead for water.

They came upon it at dusk, a deep stone cistern with a sweep to raise the jar. The last villager had left.

"Good!" grunted Uz. "Water the animals, girl. Then prepare supper. I will be watching you."

Yet he did not see her drop her sandals in the well-jar as she raised the sweep the last time!

"Sandals in the water jar will raise a terrible commotion," she thought happily. "Chilion should hear an echo of it. And they can wash out the jar."

That night Uz decided on an extra march. Tama bit her lip on her pain as the stony path bruised her bare feet. Uz must not notice that her sandals were gone.

After three weary miles, they reached the bank of a river unknown to Tama. When she did at last roll up in her heavy cloak, her sore feet would not let her sleep.

By the brilliant stars she could see Peleg on watch, sitting like a rock. Minutes passed. She drowsed at length . . .

"You are unhappy."

Tama started. That was Peleg's low voice tiptoeing through the starlight! She was wideawake, now.

**H**E SPOKE again. "I hoped you would take my sister's place, Tama. But I see, you cannot. Steal back to the well before dawn."

"Jehovah bless you, Peleg," whispered Tama. "But your father's wrath would strike like lightning. I cannot buy my freedom at the price of your life. And besides," she ended, "I could not leave the sheep."

The next morning Uz, his black eyes smoldering, called Peleg before his tent. "A traitor shames my house, Peleg, and my god. Molech must be appeased!"

Peleg shrank back. "No, Father! Not through the fire—"

"Jehovah guard you!" whispered Tama.

Uz turned on her. "Has Jehovah been asleep?" he mocked. "Well, I haven't! I heard, last night. And I will show you Molech's might!"

From his tent he brought out a small brazen image of awful mien and outstretched arms, and set it on a rock. Then from charcoals in the fire pan, he blew up a great fire of thorns and myrtle.

Tama glanced about. Ahead rolled the river. Behind—her eyes narrowed. Dust? With lowered lids she appraised the moving spot in the hills more keenly. Then she raised her eyes to the fierce black orbs of Uz.

"Jehovah will stop it," she said softly. But her confidence was like a moth-eaten garment. She needed more time—more."

Uz scowled. "Enough! Molech demands my firstborn. Only fire may cleanse your soul, Peleg. If you are innocent—"

Tama laughed wildly. "Has anyone ever been innocent?" Sweat-beads grew on her clear forehead. Time was so short. Peleg would pay the price.

She whirled on Uz like a tigress. "I take the challenge! Jehovah against Molech! May your god strike me dead if he can!"

She snatched up her ancient staff from before the tent. It flashed once round her head, then mowed down the gleaming idol. The image toppled off the stone and went clattering down the rocks to the river.

Uz had her by the shoulders, a fierce brutal grasp. But she had gained precious time!

"Look!" she gasped, and wrenched toward the south. Uz became conscious of pattering hoofbeats, and wheeled.

Chilion pulled up his lathering donkey almost nose to nose with Uz, and slid off.

"You dog! We have you!" He gloated openly. "The river cuts you off behind. And back there," he waved majestically, "are Joshua's mighty men. I rode on ahead, Tama."

Tama smiled in her cloak. Unless she was mistaken, Joshua's mighty men were indeed 'back there'—at the Jordan—and Chilion was carrying on a mighty bluff!

"Commend your souls to Jehovah!" bade the young man, fiercely.

"Spare us!" Uz groveled before Chilion's arrogance. "Your Jehovah works by miracles. There was no track, no signs of our route, yet you followed us! Mercy! Remember, girl—I was good to you. Remind this—the ravening lion, of Peleg's friendship!"

Tama's eyes danced, but she turned gravely to Chilion. "Could you hold off the army until Uz can find a ford in the river? Peleg was good to me."

Chilion nodded reluctantly. "Perhaps."

"Then give me the knife," Tama reminded Uz, "and go quickly. Goodbye, Peleg. Jehovah be with you."

When they were gone, Tama looked fondly at Chilion and the donkey, and laughed.

"It was wonderful," she said at last, soberly. "Jehovah did deliver me—with your help, Chilion."

He flushed. "You weren't asleep, Tama! Your trail was plain as Mount Sinai. First, the ringlets of wool. Then the shepherd, who told of a tent falling flat. Tents don't fall like that. I knew you had been there."

Tama laughed deeply, satisfyingly. "Did one village talk of a girl with unbound hair?"

**T**ALK! And *did* they gabble at the next village, of an ox with a bright red head-cloth! And in the next, of sandals that befouled the cistern-jar! Oh, I knew you had passed that way!

"But the army?" questioned Tama. "And Adnah? Did you see Joshua? What did he say? How—"

"With one tongue, so many questions!" laughed Chilion. "The army crossed Jordan on dry land—without me! Adnah is getting fat. And Joshua, that man of God—"

"Then you're not bitter?"

Chilion's shoulders squared. "Joshua told me," he said, "that in Jehovah's sight it is as glorious to protect the homes behind as to win new ones in front." He smiled at her, suddenly. "Let's call our flocks, Tama, and go home."

Give beauty to some child who lives  
Beneath dark sullen skies—  
Give flowers, grass and growing trees,  
Give birds and butterflies.  
Give sunlight slanting warmly down,  
And stars that shine at night—  
Give beauty to some wistful child,  
Give wonderment and light!

Give food for bodies and for souls,  
Give courage, songs and laughter—  
Give memories that will be dear  
Now—and forever after.  
Oh, if you give these glowing gifts,  
You will be building toward  
A happiness—and inner peace—  
That is its own reward!




This little slum girl is happy over her first glimpse of flowers and trees at Mont Lawn

## My Mont Lawn Picture Gallery

By

Margaret E. Sangster



 I WAS reading, just a few days ago, of the havoc that has been wrought to the great art galleries of Europe. Some of the galleries have been bombed unmercifully, so unmercifully that the treasures they contained are broken and scattered things. Some of them have been burned to the ground and the loveliness that drew throngs of pilgrims, year after year, has returned to its native dust. Some of the galleries are still standing but the paintings that were once on exhibition have been hidden away in damp cellars and the rare statuary has been barricaded behind sandbags and scaffoldings of wood. As the war-crowded days go on, beauty—in concrete form—becomes less and less important, for life itself is being swept away. And yet—in the years to be, when the world has become normal again—future generations will find time to regret that such beauty could not be spared.

At a time like this it is pleasant to think that some of us possess galleries that can never be shattered by bombs, nor burned by fire. Some of us own beauty that need never be hidden away nor barricaded against destruction. These galleries live in our souls and in our memories, and we can wander at will

down the long corridors and pause before the canvases or groups which we especially love. Nothing, certainly not an invasion by air or sea or land, can alter these galleries. Nothing in life can touch them—*nothing in death!*

Such a gallery is my Mont Lawn gallery. It is large and impressive and crowded with wonder—indeed, for the last quarter of a century I have been filling it with precious things; a word here, a snatch of song there, a fugitive impression just across the way. I have imprisoned a glowing day in July and a night in August with the stars warm and close overhead. I have caught the look in a child's eye when she first saw a flower blooming in a garden. I have seen a child's hands folded in prayer and I have heard a child's lips singing the gay little tunes that have always been—and please God will always be—the underlying theme of Mont Lawn. My gallery contains thrills a-plenty, and happiness to spare. Happiness drawn with a liberal hand, and in gay colors.

Here and now I would like to tell you about a few of my treasures. They're not art treasures—they're *heart treasures!*

My first glimpse of Mont Lawn—perhaps it will always be the most important picture in my gallery! I remember how I drove up a long hill in a horse-drawn carriage and saw before me, bathed in late afternoon sunlight, the broad panorama of the Children's Paradise. I knew very little about Mont Lawn then, for I was the youngest member of the *Christian Herald* family—I had but lately joined the staff of the magazine. I only knew that Mont Lawn was a fresh air home, paid for by the bounty of good people everywhere. I remember how I caught my breath as the carriage came to the top of the hill and I saw a group of white cottages nestling among tall trees, and flower beds and green lawns.

At the first glimpse Mont Lawn, to me, seemed already complete and perfect. As a matter of fact—it was. Fort Plenty, the dining hall, was standing and so was the Children's Temple—that miniature church where the youngsters worship of a Sunday. There were several large dormitories, including the Homestead which was the first building to be erected. Yes, Mont Lawn seemed complete and perfect—I could see no room



for improvement. I did not realize that in the near future many more dormitories would be added, as well as an infirmary and a library and a "Rain House" where the children might have luxurious shower baths. I did not realize that there would be playgrounds and swimming pools and wading brooks. I did not realize that a project so finished as Mont Lawn could have anything added to it—but I was wrong.

On that first day I was speechless. As the carriage brought me closer and closer to the gates, my mute excitement grew by leaps and bounds. And then all at once I was driving through the gates. It was something involuntary that made me glance up, that made me aware of the sign above the entrance, the sign that was placed there by Louis Klopsch, who dreamed a dream of glory and—from it—built a promised land. The text read, "I love God and little children," and the first time I saw it the golden letters danced through the mist of my tears . . . No matter how often I see that text I feel the same sense of deep emotion, and the tears still come, unbidden, to blind my gaze.

The next picture in my gallery is the portrait of a child sitting on a slum curbstone with her feet in the muddy gutter. She is crying quietly because the other children in the neighborhood have been sent away to the country—and she cannot go. She has been told that the fresh air homes are crowded this year—that there's been great poverty and many people have sent in advance applications and there are other children, believe it or not, who need the outing worse than she needs it.

It is my blessed privilege to touch this child's thin shoulder and see her wan face light up as I tell her that she can go to Mont Lawn. No, there wasn't a mistake; somebody sent an extra contribution and, because of the few added dollars, there'll be room for her!

Have you ever seen age and despair and desperation fade out of the eyes of an eight-year-old? Have you ever seen rapture take the place of tragedy? You haven't? Well, go with me to the slums one day and listen as I tell some youngster that she's all set to dart across a field of green grass with daisies growing in it. Listen as I tell her that she'll soon glimpse white clouds that look as wide and soft as featherbeds; that she'll soon watch butterflies and birds—*live ones*; that she'll soon rest beneath the shade of a tree that's almost as tall as that tenement house on the corner!

There's a companion portrait to the one I've just described. It's the same child about ten days later. She's seated on the bank of a tiny river and her bare toes are dabbling in the cool water and she's laughing aloud. Her cheeks are pink and her hair has been brushed until it shines and her outstretched hands look almost plump. And—this is one of the things that you can't reproduce, even

in a memory portrait—there's high hope in her heart and a rare promise for the future in her soul.

One of the loveliest pictures in my gallery is the picture of children worshipping in the little church that was built especially for them. Their hands are folded as they repeat the words of the Lord's Prayer, and their lips smile as they stare up into the kindly face of a man who is telling them the story of another Man who walked the ways of earth and who knew the same kind of poverty and hunger that they have known. And then they sing, and as their



"You'd grin too, if you felt as good as I do"

voices rise one feels that the meaning of the ages has been transplanted into liquid sound.

Back of the children there's a glimmer of warm light that slants through a stained glass window. The window doesn't portray a militant scene from the Bible; it shows Christ surrounded by the little children he is blessing. They aren't aloof children, they crowd around him, touching his arm and his hand and the snowy white folds of the garment that he wears.

Another portrait? Let's have the portrait of a little boy, this time. A little boy with his head shaved—we won't tell why it was shaved! He's so thin that he seems to be transparent and he's so shy that he flushes painfully and drops his eyes whenever anybody speaks to him. He clings to my hand all the time the doctor's examining him; and when finally the examination is over he still clings to my hand as if it were a life preserver.

We go out of the *Christian Herald* offices, that little boy and I. After a while he breaks down and whispers shyly that his name is Tony and that he's scared. I ask him why he's scared, and

he says that he doesn't know—he's just scared. We go across the city in a bus, and we board a train and then suddenly the train is sweeping through open country and the little boy forgets to be scared and tells me that never—never in his whole life—has he seen country before. Oh, he went to a park once but there wasn't no grass in the park—only dust . . . We reach Mont Lawn finally and the little boy is so exhausted by a score of new impressions that he's fed simply and undressed and put to bed. He isn't strong enough, you see, to stand the strain of any further impressions!

At the end of that little boy's vacation his hair was beginning to grow out in ringlets, and the transparency had left him and he was so full of conversation that the other children were continually shushing him, but he didn't mind—he just went right on talking! The fear had gone out of him and something valiant had entered his spirit to take its place.

I could go on forever, giving you reproductions of the portraits and landscapes that make up my Mont Lawn gallery. I could fill pages with color and light and movement that is the very fabric of the Children's Paradise, but—and this is a real suggestion—I have a better plan! Why don't you build a Mont Lawn gallery of your own? If you're close enough to the Children's Paradise you can start the gallery as I did long ago, by visiting the place. And if you're not close enough to do this, you can start your gallery by sending a gift of money that will give some lost and lonely child a chance to do the visiting in your stead. There are many little girls today who must stay at home in the darkness because funds are falling off—and those little girls will be the mothers of the next generation. There are thousands of little Tonys who have never seen country and those Tonys—with inspiration and courage planted in their minds—will be the business men and the fathers and perhaps the presidents of the future.

In this time of world unrest it's a great thing to know that you can make a real and vital contribution that stands for peace—the peace that nourishes a starved body and that builds spiritual understanding and that erases those feelings of class distinction and class hatred which eventually build fifth columns in our very midst.

★

Do you sometimes wonder if a vacation merely makes a slum child discontented with its home life? You should not. Never worry about the harm such a vacation might do—real Christians do not believe in keeping people in ignorance of a better way of living—of a possible way out of the drudgeries and miseries of their little lives.

A vacation at Mont Lawn gives a child a new impression of life. Whole families are influenced by what our little guests learn.



Dr. McLoughlin angrily brought his fist down on the table. "You do not appreciate the extent of my hold on this country"

so I can milk?" demanded Spalding.

"He started after the herd, both horses and cows, half an hour ago," said Narcissa. "He should be here at any minute, now."

At that moment the boy raced into camp.

"Say, I can't find one of our beasts, hair, hoof or hide. The Indians sure have driven them off."

"Could you get no trace of them, Miles?" inquired Dr. Whitman. "Who attended to hobbling them last night?"

"I did," answered Spalding. "They wouldn't have wandered away by themselves, for I left them in a patch of grass which was enough to last them all night."

"This will bear looking into," said Marcus. "Miles, when you've finished breakfast, borrow a horse and scour the valley. I'm going to the fort to make inquiries."

In the meantime, Narcissa seated herself on a great rock that overlooked the valley, and gave herself over to thought. And it was here that Governor Simpson found her.

Immaculately groomed, his white ruffles fluttering in the breeze, he doffed his high hat and made a deep bow.

"Good morning, Madam Whitman. May I join you in contemplation of this wonderful scene?"

Narcissa swept her riding skirt aside, and made room for him. He studied the classic perfection of her profile.

"You did not start at dawn, I see."

Narcissa raised her eyebrows.

"Our cattle have disappeared, and it is my surmise that they have gone on into the Columbia valley, to await our coming," she replied calmly.

"That would be a pity, indeed," mur-

[PART TWO]

By HONORÉ MORROW



## Where Rolls the Oregon

**Synopsis:** Marcus Whitman, a physician, and Narcissa, his wife, together with Rev. Henry Spalding and his wife, Eliza, have been sent by the American Board of Missions to the Oregon country, where they expect to establish missions and preach to the Northwestern Indians. Despite great difficulties Whitman has brought along a Conestoga wagon and a team of mules, to prove that wagon teams can cross the mountains. His helper is young Miles Good-year. Governor George Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company is determined to prevent them from settling on the Columbia, knowing that, once they are established, other American settlers will come, thus endangering Britain's control of the region, which Simpson is resolved to "maintain at all hazards." He meets them at Fort Hall. He is greatly attracted to Narcissa Whitman, but tells the missionaries that if they

persist in their refusal to turn southward, his Company must refuse them supplies. To prevent them from leaving Fort Hall, he secretly has his mules and herd hidden in the hills. Now continue:



AT DAWN the following morning, as Marcus squatted before a fire of buffalo chips, Spalding came up with a pail of water. "Eliza is poorly again; I'll take her some tea right away, please."

"Sorry, Henry!" Marcus looked up into the preacher's irritated face; "the tea is all out and our amiable hosts refuse to sell us any. Heat a little milk for Mrs. Spalding—it's better for her, anyhow."

"Has Miles brought up the cows yet,

mured Simpson, eyeing her blond braids and feeling a sudden aversion to all the red-skinned beauties that graced the Company's posts. "I am lost in admiration of your valor, in undertaking this adventure."

"One needs very little personal valor when taking the trip with Dr. Whitman," she retorted. "He thinks of everything, does everything."

"You're a bride, so your enthusiasm is excusable."

"My enthusiasm needs no excuse!" she cried, her face flushing.

"No—but your marriage does," replied the Governor, coolly.

Narcissa rose. "What do you mean sir? Apologize at once!"

"I apologize," the Governor rose with



her. "My remark did not in the least reflect on your husband's excellent qualities. He is a rough diamond, but none the less a diamond, and a man to be feared by us in his fixed purpose. But I have lived longer than you, Madam, and I say to you frankly—"

Narcissa raised her hand as if to ward off a blow.

"Do not say it, Governor Simpson! I am not interested."

"Ah, but you are! You think of it day and night. You were thinking of it, with desperation and tragedy in your eyes, as I came upon you. I know precisely what you are thinking—that I am impertinent—that I presume upon my position. That you would annihilate me with a glance were it not so important that your party keep on friendly terms with me. I acknowledge all that. And you and I, in all probability, will never see each other again. Yet I feel drawn to you by all that could be fine in an enduring and noble friendship. That we must be hostile to each other is another sample of Nature's wastefulness. So I ask you, how can you consider me impertinent when I see a person who rouses in me feelings of profound admiration and liking, immersed in an impossible situation?"

"My situation is in no sense impossible. You must waste no sympathy on me, Governor."

"Then you do not share that strong feeling of friendliness that was born in me last night?"

"Yes, I do!" said Narcissa suddenly. "But that doesn't mean that I can permit you to criticise my marriage."

"It merely permits us to be enemies, then?"

"So long as you persist in opposing us," retorted Narcissa. Then, after a pause, "Suppose, Governor, that we should give you a solemn pledge not to try to help the American cause, but to stick strictly to our endeavor to Christianize the Indians—what would be your attitude?"

"'Twould not be enough!" His voice was brusque. "Madam Whitman, why not accept my offer of last night? You and your confreres could found a wonderful school at Fort Vancouver, and who knows what it might mean to the Pacific Coast in the future? What could be a more fitting work for you? McLeod was telling me this morning that you have a glorious singing voice—then we could establish a conservatory! Commercially the Hudson's Bay Company is impregnable—but why should the Corporation be purely commercial? Madam Whitman, join me in this!"

Had he a full conception of how violent a temptation was his offer to her? She suddenly faced, from a new angle, the life to which, in a moment of profound emotionalism, she had committed herself. Two years ago her father had compelled her to give up the talented musician with whom she fancied herself

in love. When, only a few months ago, Marcus Whitman, fresh from his marvelous trip to the Indians of the West, had come to the little church in Angelica, and had told, with his warm eloquence, of the needs of the savages, she had been deeply stirred. And when Marcus, buoyant, virile, on fire with his dream of carrying Christ across the Rockies, after a whirlwind wooing had pleaded with her to marry him and help establish the mission for which the American Board had destined him, she assented eagerly. The excitement of adventures had buoyed her consistently until their arrival at Fort Hall. Now this man of her own world, the world to which Marcus could never belong, had turned her eyes inward. As she for the first time realized that never again would she see men and women of Simpson's type; that Indians, from whom she had already turned away, sickened by their filth, that Indians and blasphemous trappers were henceforth to be her portion—nostalgia clutched her inmost soul.

To establish a school at Fort Vancouver—what a way out! She had heard much of Dr. McLoughlin, the chief factor at that fort, at the Rendezvous—of his brilliancy, of his highhanded ways, and of the elaborate manner of life carried on at the Fort—

A little white about the lips, a little strained about the eyes, she turned to Simpson.

"You must let me think this out, alone," she said.

She turned from him abruptly and walked slowly past the stockade toward the Indian tents that clustered south of the fort. After gazing, unseeing, at the gaily decorated tepees, she moved on down the valley. She would walk until she had settled on an answer for Simpson.

Watching, automatically, for sign of their herd, Narcissa prowled the sagebrush forest for some time, then clambered to the top of a rock heap for a view of Fort Hall. She could not discover it at the moment, but felt no alarm—she would be able to retrace her way. Descending, she walked for a long while, lost in thought.

A noise halted her.

A mottled brown and white pony, bearing an Indian, pushed suddenly through the bushes and stopped before her.

The two stared at each other. Narcissa did not speak, though she recognized this Indian. It was he who, at the Rendezvous, had hung about the mission tent more prominently than any of the other braves. And when Marcus, after great difficulty, had driven him away, one of the trappers had expostulated,

"You mak' no fear," he said.  
"Joe Buffalo not kill you. He mak' marry you"

*Illustrator* CHARLES ZINGARO





"Don't never hurt an Indian's vanity. 'Specially Joe Buffalo. He aint quite right in his mind and he's meaner than even most of these—redskins. One of them will hold a grudge for years."

And this was Joe Buffalo grinning at her!

"You mak' no fear," he said. "Joe Buffalo not kill you. He mak' marry you."

"If you do not take me back to the fort at once," declared Narcissa, with as haughty an air as she could muster, "the Hudson's Bay Company will punish you."

The Indian shook his head. "You Boston! Hudson's Bay Company glad to see Bostons die. They not want white woman there," pointing west.

"Nevertheless," she said scornfully, "you must leave me in peace or Governor Simpson will have you shot. He is my friend."

"The Kitchie Okema? Huh! Kitchie Okema give orders to run off Boston's cows, Boston's horses, Boston's mules. He not friend."

"How do you know he gave those orders?" asked Narcissa sharply.

Joe Buffalo shrugged his shoulders and dismounted. "Come, yellow hair, get on Joe Buffalo's horse. Joe Buffalo marry you in his lodge, tonight."

"I'll kill myself first!" looking the Indian full in the eye. . . .

About an hour

before Joe Buffalo's arrival on the scene, the doctor, with Gray and Spalding, returned to the tent. Their hunt for the livestock had been fruitless. Marcus made his way, dejectedly, to the fort. Simpson, looking up from his accounts John Leslie and Captain Thing were checking with him, greeted the Doctor cheerfully.

"Well, Dr. Whitman, have you found your truant herd?"

Marcus shook his head. "No, Governor, I have not. May I ask if you gentlemen know anything of Mrs. Whitman's whereabouts?"

Thing looked up quickly. "I saw her about noon, walking south of the fort."

"I saw her last," said Simpson, "and talked with her by the great stone yonder, about half after eleven."

"She must have strayed away," exclaimed Marcus. He stopped and looked bitterly at the three men. "I have neither horses nor food, though I have money to pay for both. By the eternals, if you do not allow me—"

Simpson, rising suddenly, interrupted. "Whitman, the resources of the fort are yours! Go search the Indian lodges and question all the whites you see, while we organize a search party."

Marcus' tense face blanched. "Do you actually fear—"

"I fear the worst. By—, didn't we warn you? Didn't we explain to you?"

Marcus, with a groan, ran out into the stockade. Several persons had seen Narcissa start on her walk. Having gathered all the meager information available, Marcus returned to the stockade, to find a small search party organized. He hastily mounted the horse provided for him and the cavalcade was starting, when Henry Spalding ran in through the gate.

"Give me a horse, some one!" he cried.

"Your place is with your wife, Henry!" exclaimed Marcus.

The preacher's sallow face was working. "I knew Narcissa Prentiss long before you did, Whitman! Tell them to give me a horse!"

Spalding was hoisted into the saddle of one of the extra mounts. Simpson had given orders that the party was to hunt in pairs, and spread fanwise and comb the valley first, then up into the hills.

Simpson dug his spurs into his horse and plunged into the sagebrush thicket that choked the little valley. With a groan, Marcus followed him.

Working through the sagebrush was a heartbreaking job. The horses detested it, and showed their dislike by bucking and shaking their heads and kicking as the prickly shrubs tore at their flanks. So the party's progress was slow, and they had been riding more than an hour before they reached the center of the valley.

And then, somewhere beyond them, came the sound of a boy's angry voice.

"Oh, you would, would you, you dirty stinking snake (Continued on page 42)



This police chief believes that religion and the Bible are the only cures for crime

*He Uses*

# THE BIBLE IN POLICE WORK



*The story of Chief Dan Patch of Highland Park, Michigan*

By FRED B. BARTON

**O**UTSIDE the Chief's office was the usual parade of the daily crime of a busy city. Drunken drivers, careless drivers, policy racketeers, everyday drunks; yes—and drunken women too, along with other minor criminals. Every city has its share of them, and Highland Park, Michigan, is no exception.

But inside Chief-of-Police Dan E. L. Patch's office you find at times a feeling of peace. You sense its significance at once when you sight the five books placed neatly on the corner of the desk, between two bronze Lincoln book ends. One is the Michigan Code of Criminal Procedure; one is a book on fingerprinting; one is a modest and worn copy of the Holy Bible; one is the Eagle Police Manual; and the last is a dictionary. Five books, three of them tools of the

they are a little more decent than the residents of some cities: for instance, there wasn't a saloon or a blind pig in the town until January 1, 1933, when nation-wide changes forced liquor upon the small municipality.

But any policeman can tell you that no city can be pure. Even if your own residents were blameless, you have transient motorists, and visiting burglars and other criminals; you have the riff-raff that haunts the vice dens of other sections, some of them largely foreign-born; and those of the vast motor city. You have the new problems brought by unemployment. You have new types of gambling, the desperate hope of a people accustomed to luxury and grasping at blind chances to make a hasty fortune. Highland Park now maintains one special officer merely to check up on the police

policeman's trade; the fourth, a Bible for a man searching for the truth; the fifth, a dictionary for a student anxious for words with which to express the forcefulness of the truth in this unbelieving age, as he sees it and as he feels it needs to be expressed.

I journeyed to Highland Park to meet Police Chief Dan Patch. You know the city, of course. It is a territory of about four square miles, entirely surrounded by the great city of Detroit. In this narrow space some fifty-five to sixty thousand people live. Highland Parkers fondly believe

racket. Last year this small city had 350 arrests along the policy line, and confiscated money and fines exceeding \$10,000.

Yes, Highland Park has its share of crime. Yet Chief Dan Patch still has faith in his religion.

You may feel the name Dan Patch is somehow faintly familiar. And right you are: it is a famous name in sporting circles. Any country lad can tell you that the horse Dan Patch was a horse of personality and prowess. And when he clicked off a mile in one minute 55-¾ seconds they didn't need a radio to let the folks in the next county know about it—the very wind and the birds seemed to carry the news.

Chief Dan Patch sees nothing unflattering in carrying the name of the noted pacer. In country circles—and he was a country boy—famous horses always have been as much of a personality as your baseball players and other sports stars. A horse is something to love and look up to and respect, just like a person. And the Chief, ever since he left the little farm town of Liberty Mills, Michigan, twenty-eight years ago and moved to Highland Park, has aimed to be clean and straightforward and dependable; yes, and something to look up to and admire, just like the famous horse Dan Patch. Incidentally, however, the Chief had a great uncle named Dan.

"Why do I emphasize religion as the greatest need of today?" the Chief echoed the question. "Because I believe that religion is the only hope and salvation of our nation today, and of the world.

"I've been going to the conventions of Police Chiefs from all over the country, for the last ten years," he went on. "They're all running around in circles, and not getting anywhere insofar as finding a cure for the crime situation is concerned. And the ones that are honest with themselves admit frankly they are stumped for an answer.

"What happens is this: you arrest a young boy on some trifling offense but something which is against the law. You



Police Headquarters at Highland Park, where Chief Patch has his office

give him a spanking, so to speak, and send him back home. That doesn't take, and soon you've arrested him for something grave enough to require his being sent to the reform school. And when he comes out of there you find you've given him a thorough schooling in crime. All the heroes of the crime world take pride in showing these beginners all the short cuts to easy wealth. Your boy criminal comes back to your police department and your law courts much worse than you ever dreamed such a beginner in crime could be.

"It's the same the country over. And we police officers can't check crime—there are only a few thousand of us, and we're hopelessly outnumbered. To be sure, we can catch some bank robbers, and arrest some automobile thieves, and check forgery somewhat, and make some of the worst offenders obey certain of the laws for a time, but we can't climb into the hearts of 130 million people and prevent what they're going to do next.

"We need religion to check crime at its source—the kind of religion that exalts Jesus Christ as our personal Saviour."

And Chief Dan Patch happens to know these words are true! For instance, he can tell you the story of men who have been saved from a life of hopelessness and started back on the path to decent living.

"We had a drunken prisoner here for several years—and I refer to him as a drunken prisoner because he was in jail about as much as he was out. I happened

to know his history back to his boyhood. He had a good mother, who was a Methodist, and a father who was a Baptist. Both of them insisted on the boy going to their church regularly, and he did. Every Sunday he went first to one Sunday School and then to the other. That went on for years, until the boy began to get tired of the routine.

"One Sunday he had the bright idea that if he took his dog to Sunday School, the superintendent would consider the dog a nuisance and would send both boy and dog home. He had a big collie dog, and it was raining and the church had a fire. When the dog's coat got warmed through he began to smell, as dogs will, and the superintendent sent the boy and the dog home. The next Sunday the lad took the dog to church again, and this time he was ordered home for keeps.

"That ended his religious life, as far as he knew or cared. He had seen all there was to be seen in religion, he thought, and he wanted no more of it.

"Well, that young man married, moved to Highland Park and opened a battery store. He was an excellent mechanic, was popular with his customers and a friend of every policeman. When prohibition came he drifted into bootlegging, and because of his friends he usually got tipped off in advance about raids, so he stayed in business longer than the average. He got careless about his drinking, however, and became his own best customer. We had him up here for intoxication time after time.

"I talked to him several times straight

and direct," the Chief continued sadly. "I knew he wasn't taking care of his business or doing the right thing by his family. Sure enough, he lost his business. What was worse, one night he fell in with two wild fellows and they held up a filling station and took nine dollars. This man was so drunk he never even got out of the car, but he had a revolver and was in the party, and that was enough.

"They sent him to the state prison at Jackson for three years.

"That gave him time to add himself up, for the first time in years. He wasn't too well satisfied with himself. He thought back to his boyhood religion, but it didn't seem to fit. There was no Christian training for him in prison; in fact, everybody made fun of religion there. And so our man came back home feeling discouraged and very much alone. His wife and three children took him back, and he landed a job in a factory, but labor troubles threw him out after a while and he started drinking again. Then one dark night some drunken pals dumped him through the gate into his own backyard, in the rain. He was so drunk he lay there until morning.

"That jolted him enough so that he had an earnest talk with his wife. He was desperate for help. He knew he had to do something.

"The wife knew about an evangelist and took him to an evening meeting. That night he was gloriously saved. He realized he had to do something to redeem himself. The Lord seemed to talk



to him and say 'You've tried everything else, now it's time to try me.' And he did.

"Well, sir, nowadays that man is spending all his spare time on a mission of good will, visiting other drunks. He has been the means of saving several derelicts who have graduated from the gutter and the House of Correction into decent, respectable citizens. He's working in an automobile factory now, has a good job, is taking care of his family, and is back on his feet.

"But we policemen didn't save that man. No human person saved him, only God.

"Of course," he summarized slowly and thoughtfully, "This man isn't re-making his life all alone. The Lord is doing that. The Lord knows that when a man is drinking he's like a lost man floundering around in the quicksand. Only a hand from above can reach down and save him. Save him even from the edge of the gutter."

Don't think for a minute that Chief Patch occupies a desk at \$4,000 a year to preach religion in and out of hours. He knows that religion, like food, is most acceptable when an appetite exists to welcome it. He doesn't force his religion on people, not even the members of his own police department.

"I don't believe in taking folks up to the trough and saying, 'Here, you've got to drink this message,' the way we used to do with calves down on the farm," he says in his punchy country style. "Christ didn't work that way.

"What counts is to set an example, just as Christ did. Go ahead and live out your ideals, and let your life talk for you. That's what counts.

"Operating a police department is like bringing up a large family of children," he went on thoughtfully. "You can tell them for a while what to do, and get away with it, but after a while they start doing some of the things they see Dad do. A father has to set an example or his children won't look up to him.

"Just so it is in the Police Department. I have men here working with me who don't agree with my religious principles, but just the same they have moral respect for what I believe and what I try to live up to. I have been careful not to force my own personal ideas on any one of them. I think they respect that too."

You don't get to be Police Chief just by memorizing something out of a book. At times you have to leave your warm and comfortable home and spend long hours in the rain, just watching and waiting—and being ready for an instant challenge. At times you have to run risks, and without anybody handy to pat

you on the back for a brave and unselfish deed. At times you're discouraged and lonesome; now and then you may even wonder if it's worth while to be so conscientious; but then again, something inside you tells you to keep on fighting and do a real man's work, and do it here and now.

Chief Patch has seen his share of active service. One of the most sensational arrests made in which he was fortunate to take part was that of "Slippery" Jim Cushway and Leo Carney, escaped convicts from Marquette Prison. They were arrested on August 1st, 1922 in company with another undesirable character



## *It Is Always Morning*

An English sundial bears these words of truth:  
"It is always morning somewhere in the world;"

A message to be learned by heart, O Youth,  
A banner for your hands to keep unfurled:  
"It is always morning," somewhere, always light  
Pierces its golden arrows through the night.

O valiant ones and strong of heart, the dawn  
Is always on the hills of life somewhere.  
You who are young, face skyward and forge on,  
The morning bugles sound upon the air.  
Strike from your tongue the bitter word, "defeat,"  
Great tasks await your hands, great steps, your feet.

The morning calls you, high and clear and true,  
For God upon His throne has need of you.

*Grace Noll Crowell*



known as "Puggy" Hamilton. Cushway's record shows over fifty arrests and seven major escapes from prison, to say nothing of the times he has escaped from small-town lockups or from inexperienced officers.

"Slippery" Jim Cushway had started in as a boy of about fifteen, burglarizing homes in Saginaw. He gained the name of "Slippery Jim" because he escaped so many times: three times from Jackson Prison, once from New York, once from the police department in Milwaukee, and two or three times from Saginaw, Michigan. He was a brazen fellow; usually when he escaped he'd leave word he would mail the key back. When he escaped from Milwaukee he went over and robbed the home of the Chief of Police and stole a diamond-studded badge, took the diamonds out and mailed the badge back to the Chief when he got to Detroit. On one occasion he borrowed a sheriff's automobile and wrote back where he could find it in Texas. Along

with Leo Carney and "Puggy" Hamilton, "Slippery Jim" came to Highland Park in 1922 and started an epidemic of house burglaries, Chief Patch recalls.

"Information was secured from a source in the underworld who was responsible," explained the Chief. "While out cruising around for Cushway, who, we were informed, was to leave town, we sighted a Buick sedan occupied by Cushway, Carney and Hamilton and two girls—a stolen car, of course. We gave chase and from Seven Mile Road and Grand River we chased it to Walled Lake, a distance of nearly twenty-five miles. We had a brand-new Essex, but it didn't have sufficient speed to overtake

the Buick. At one place we drew up and tried to force them into the ditch alongside the road, but were not successful.

"By the time we reached Walled Lake the Buick was ahead of us a considerable distance and while out of sight had turned a corner. We found the corner because a large trough plowed out in the gravel road showed where the Buick had turned at high speed. This gave us the clue, and half a mile farther we sighted the sedan and its occupants at a gas station, taking on a tank of gas. The radiator was boiling. With drawn revolvers and a high-powered rifle which I carried, we effected the capture of the three men. The two girls, however, ran into a cornfield and were not apprehended until the following day.

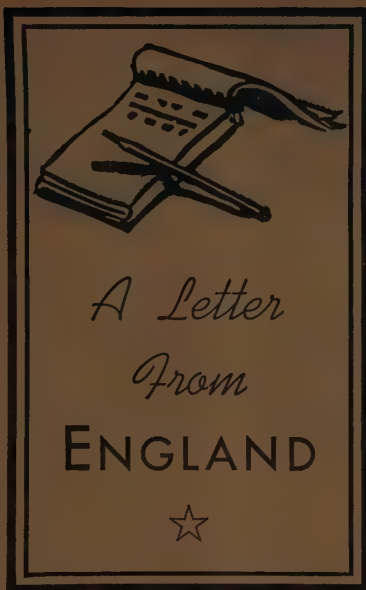
"Cushway was returned, as were Hamilton and Carney, to Highland Park and later returned to Marquette Prison."

Another sensational crime happened in quiet Highland Park on Hallowe'en Eve of 1926. It started with a party at the Hamilton and Highland Apartment. The principals, as the police discovered later, were a man named "Killer" Caniff and another named "Ice-Wagon" Connolly and a woman by the name of Harrison, all three of whom occupied an apartment. They had previously robbed a mail truck at Elizabeth, New Jersey, along with three or four accomplices, and had secured some \$150,000. This gang had run wild in the eastern part of the country for several months and had robbed a great number of places. They seemed to kill almost without provocation. On one occasion they were stranded on the highway, stopped a farmer and his boy, killed the farmer, and dumped the boy off in a wayside corner. A circular listing "Killer" Caniff as wanted for this offense was circulated all over the country.

Chief Patch recalls the later events clearly. "On this particular Hallowe'en the neighbors (Continued on page 44)

7 his letter, from a lady in Sussex, gives a most vivid and beautiful picture of the daily life of London's "evacuees" and of the spirit which animates the English

IT HAS been necessary to remain here because we have a household of older evacuees, who could not remain in London because of the great separations and precautions that were taken; they are all old friends, chiefly musicians, with no money and no place to go to, and life was difficult in London; and one did not want to add to the ever-increasing problems, especially with the blackout, various rationings, no work and many little difficulties, not to be mentioned in the face of the stupendous things being done, but which nevertheless affect the individual life. Lady Laud, in her always great-hearted generous way, opened this house as haven to many for the war's duration, and we have twenty-one in the house and ten over the garage, ranging from eighty-nine, seventy-five, seventy and so on down to five years. One of our old charges is a lovely pianist at seventy-one and one is an excellent violinist; and then we have our sweet, consoling concerts and talks, especially those on "The Tranquil Mind," by Sir Walford Davis, which he illustrates always by wonderful musical passages. We read aloud at our work, and have just finished "Toscanini" by your late Lawrence Gilman. What an inspired book and study! Some of the old people were very frail and needed and need much care; life has to be organized to keep them busy and happy and also to enable them to feel useful and helpful, for all are eager to do their bit. One feels that it is a whole country mobilized to help, in eventually putting right a great and terrible wrong, one that if not patiently and courageously faced and battled against, will swamp and poison the world. It all seems so clear and obvious to us (and so little to do with politics or a "game of chess," as some misguided minds think it, who only look at the superficial aspects) that we are very little troubled and very little anxious. The vast clouds of propaganda that sweep overhead also trouble us little. They change from day to day and we are used to their voices by now. It is natural that each country, as each individual, has its bias, its prejudice, its hurt vanities, and the immense influence of its press that swings public opinion more than it dreams, so that one has to strive to live above such sometimes hurting things, in the full knowledge that the Truth will some day be fully revealed, as the sun shines forth, immortal, behind



every storm and darkening eclipse.

There are such things in human nature, when it achieves great power and authority, as a lust for domination, for possession, as well as the desire to tyrannize over the individual life, commanding its very thought and faith, its creative powers in art or science, slaughtering all freedom of creed or race, and holding aloft the State as paramount, with all its brutal egotisms and materialism and self-justifications. In Red Nazism lies a world danger. It is an idea, more than a people—although it holds a certain race completely in thrall. Also where militarism is an ideal and military conquests looked on as a nation's greatest glory, there is the soil for such dangers to breed. This virus has grown and poisoned a whole body of people—not just since 1914, but much, much earlier. If people read their Goethe, their Brandes, Bismarck, Frederick the Great and so many of those other writers of the Central Powers, they would realize this truism. It has slowly gathered strength and momentum and an infinite danger. We have certainly lacked vision and had a great lethargy and a foolish optimism and trust. But some of us saw the great cloud looming ahead long before 1914! 1918 was but the curtain down on the First Act. Well, dear, we are in the midst of the slowly gathering storm now, and the Great Crusade is on.

One is in no doubt of the outcome, any more than one is in doubt of the sacrifices entailed and what will have to be met. Here, so close to the pathological psychology of the enemy, we know what will be done—the same excuses, the same deeds, the same astounding lies and the same violent propaganda. But those things do not matter. There are higher forces at work than all the voices of people or press or the personal bias of little

journalists, whose views must of necessity be so limited. Only on a mountain top, "au-dessus de la bataille" could one perhaps see with full perspective that which is being worked out. Even in Heaven (and perhaps it is in Heaven that this War is being waged, and the material side of it here but a reflection of it all,) there is War. War between Good and Evil, Light and Darkness, Peace and Battle, Love and Hate, Truth and Lies. The Consummation is already there. That must be so. For God is Omnipotent and all is in His Hands, and all things are working out to some Divine Purpose. I know that no nation has a prerogative of virtue or purity, and also that individuals can become evil-possessed and later become greater than those who have never fallen or sinned; for Good and God are in all. So too with nations. But one has seen this evil penetrating a whole nation, a form of ruthless materialism and vanity that became and is a form of sadism. One has to battle against this evil and the immense untruths disseminated every day. But also one knows that there is courage and beauty and goodness and love and tenderness there, waiting to be liberated. There will be death and destruction and vast desolation over here to the outer eye, but in the end, out of the ashes of this war, will rise a new and lovelier freedom and peace for all. The death of individuals or of millions does not matter. That takes place sooner or later for everyone, this so-called death of the body; by accident, by fire and flood and earthquake, by mad speed and many inventions, and by the thousands of incurable ills and sicknesses that beset mankind, death comes each hour. There is poverty, unemployment and so many ills to be put right, so many injustices to be cleared away in all our lands. But this wail of fear about sending "our young men out to die" is a terrible cry. Surely it is better to die for a great idea and ideal, for the dream of a Lincoln, than to reach a useless old age, or to die, as many more millions have, in road and air accidents, or by drink or drugs or floods. Thank God we do not hear that here, and now also *thank God everyone is in the danger zone*, wherever one is; for the enemy will and does strike as frequently on the unprotected, the civilians as he does on the army. That is as it should be. When the air-raid warnings come and great planes go booming overhead it may not be pleasant, but at least one feels that we are all taking part in this great Crusade for our ideals of "ordered liberty," of kindly justice, for free speech to air our wrongs, the right to compose and worship and speak and write according to our own special Light. It is right and just that we should all share in the common danger, the common anxiety and the common effort. Little Rye is much changed with the 2000 evacuated children, the sandbags and shelters, and (Continued on page 49)



# EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



## What Jesus Christ Has to Say

THE supreme desire of individuals and of governments is for security. Again and again, this desire is selfish, because that which it claims for itself it takes from another. The wealth it snatches is the very existence of those from whom wealth is filched. But the desire for security is the hunger cry of the race. Old age asks, "How may I be secure?" And the aged are today the victims of a hundred schemes and as many schemers. Youth wants security, the promise of work when days of preparation come to an end, the assurance, too, that life itself will not be required as fodder for the cannon. Black days are these for all levels of life. Governments want security. The political chaos of Europe is due to the fact that a new tide of political perfidy has risen, sweeping away protecting barriers and engulfing the structures of a peace that, however inadequate and even falsely set up, was a promise.

It is in such a time as this that men and women everywhere strain their ears to catch the tones and hear the words of men in authority. There are those who tell us that education is the answer, that security comes through knowledge, that knowledge is indeed power. But men have been and are being victimized by brilliant perversions. Not all the wise are good. Science itself may become the tool of a traitor to brotherhood and good will. Alexis Carrel has said that unless science is spiritualized it will be a greater menace than blessing. In laboratories, men may find disease germs to destroy them or to release them upon helpless populations. Wings over central Australia are synonymous with relief for they bear drugs and medicine to remote stations; but wings over Europe and Asia drop bombs of death upon fleeing non-combatants. Knowledge is power but for either good or evil; an education is not enough.

THERE are those who tell us that man has within himself the power to order his life, to achieve success and happiness, that he alone is master of his fate and captain of his soul. Well, you and I know better than that! Too often have we come to the end of that trail, too often have we been disillusioned and unhanded. Man at his best achieves, not self-sufficiency, but the wonder of the infinite. Having made his utmost contribution, he rises courageously to claim the reinforcements of heaven.

There are those who tell us that race and race alone is the ultimate in human destiny. Here is the disaster of power politics and the corruption of social philosophy; here is the perversion of thought out of which springs the totalitarian ideologies; here flourish Communism, Fascism, Nazism and militarism. There is no superiority of race for we are at last of one blood, one God hath begotten us. The only superiority is the superiority of character, the superiority in which the least may achieve the greatest and the most lowly may win a way to the guarded heights of the more abundant life.

Then what has Jesus Christ to say? In these hours of divided counsels, when men speak against each other and when civilization itself stumbles downward into darkness, what has the One to say who "spake as never man spake?" It was to a company at a marriage feast in Cana that Mary the Mother once brought words of unmeasured wisdom: "Whatsoever He saith unto thee, do it." In this admonition is the world's hope; in these words is the call of life itself. "Whatsoever He saith unto thee, do it." Let individuals and nations give attention.

Where lies security? It does not lie in compromise; in compromise with truth, in compromise with justice, in compromise with honor. The Versailles and Trianon

treaties have played an evil part in human affairs. No nation sharing responsibility for them can escape the responsibility for their evil spawn; in sackcloth and in ashes all must repent. And here the United States of America finds herself still with the Allies! But repentance is not enough. The task remains, the unfinished work must be completed, the vow must be kept.

Jesus Christ was offered compromise. Satan promised Him power, the kingdoms of the earth, the adoration of the world if He would compromise. But the Galilean had a short and final answer for the tempter, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Today when governments and men are thus tempted, they will do well to hear again the far-off voice of Mary: "Whatsoever He saith unto thee, do it."

There is no security in isolation for there is no isolation. The oceans no longer divide, they unite. The ether above us is no longer a vacuum but a sea crowded with potential fleets of destruction. The most remote tribe lives now in our economic back yard. Inevitably, we are either hopelessly or hopelessly one with another. I do not believe that today the United States of America can save herself, or assist in saving civilization, by assembling armies and massing fleets to send them into European or Asiatic armed conflicts, but I do believe that the Monroe Doctrine, whatever else it may be, was and is the end of so-called "American isolation."

Whether or not we are pacifists we are, to the limit of our human understanding and in the full stride of our Christian conviction, peace-makers. With us all "the peace of God which passeth knowledge is the ultimate goal, and right relations between men upon which a peaceful human order can be established is the immediate objective. This objective can only be won through the participation of all peoples of good will. True it is today, as never before since recorded history was first written, that no man and therefore no nation "liveth unto himself alone." Indeed, to survive at all, men and nations must live as law-abiding members of a world society where there is no East and no West, no North and no South; where, if civilization and Christian culture are to survive, there must eventually emerge one vast "brotherhood of love."


Where lies security? The mighty captains of the air tell us that security lies in conquest; but, as we read the story of the nations, the inexorable verdict of time and of God himself is in the words, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Invariably the winnings of the victors eventually have been liquidated by their vanquished. "Whatsoever He saith unto thee, do it." And the Son of Mary commands, "Put by the sword!"

The answer of Jesus to the universal hunger for security is found in His own life. With Him, too, security came through conquest; but how different! His was the conquest of a Cross and "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." He won through losing. He lived by dying. He conquered by accepting defeat. He demonstrated that love and not hate is the most powerful thing in the world.

# A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

*A Sermon by*

DR. WILLIAM THOMSON HANZSCHE

 SOONER or later every one of us looks out upon the world and asks some elemental questions—Why does this happen and that? Why is life this way? How am I going to solve this or that peculiar problem of perplexity? What is the meaning of this strange round of daily experience? When we do begin to try to answer such questions, maturely and sanely, we begin to develop a philosophy of life.

But the fact remains that there is no sane, workable, convincing philosophy of life unless you take into account Jesus Christ. You may disagree with Him; you may violently oppose Him; you may accept the polar opposite of everything He did and said; but you cannot ignore Him. He just cannot be ignored!

Now, in the last few decades there have arisen at least three definite views of life, philosophies of life, all of which have taken different attitudes towards Jesus Christ, and which, because of those attitudes, have led to divergent ways of living.

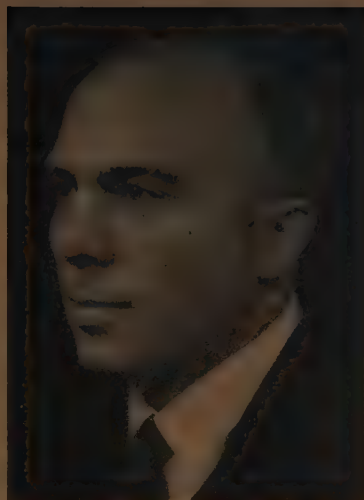
The first attitude towards Jesus Christ popular today is that expressed in blunt and picturesque language by Nietzsche, the German philosopher, who was born about 1844, who suffered intensely as his mature years arrived, finally losing his sight, and then losing his mind. Nietzsche's philosophy was the philosophy behind the military clique in Potsdam in the First World War, and is the philosophy behind the totalitarian ways today. Nietzsche bluntly taught that Jesus Christ was a fool who deserved to die a criminal's death. For Jesus taught kindness, and neighborliness, and sacrifice and love and the brotherhood of man and the ways of peace. Such teachings have no place in this world, according to Nietzsche. Blessed are the hard-boiled, the strong, the proud, the warlike. This world is only a jungle. In it the iron heel and the mailed fist must rule. Man's way must be the way of the claw and the fang. There is no place for mercy, kindness, brotherhood or love. Now, strange to say, although they are not willing to express it quite so bluntly, there are those among us who agree with Nietzsche that Jesus' doctrines are all wrong, that there is no room for mercy, for brotherhood, for neighborliness, for love and service in the modern world. They believe only in the law of the jungle.

But the moment you carry out that doctrine of Nietzsche, the moment you throw out the principles of Jesus and

apply the polar opposite of those principles, you get the logical consequences—a World War in which fifteen million are murdered, Communism, Fascism, and the end of democracy, forty million murdered in China, a second World War, bombs dropping on women and children, depressions, want and the world returned to a jungle. For the kind of world you have depends on the philosophy of life you have.

There is a second attitude towards Jesus Christ taken by a great many people in this modern world. It is not so harsh or so violent as the attitude of Nietzsche; it is sophisticated and a bit more cynical, but it also leads to a way of living. Perhaps we could name any one of a dozen or so to express that second attitude towards Jesus. Havelock Ellis, the Englishman, has put it tersely for us. Wrote he: "Had there been a lunatic asylum in the suburbs of Jerusalem, Jesus Christ would have infallibly been shut up at the outset of His public career—the whole religious complexion of the modern world was due to the absence from Jerusalem of a lunatic asylum." In other words, you can say that Jesus was crazy, that He did not know what He was talking about.

Man, according to this popular theory, is only an animal—polished, sophisticated, but only an animal. The chief thing in life is sex, the only values are physical values, there are no such things as spiritual values, there is no right and wrong; life is totally physical, and the whole aim of life is comfort, the answer to self-desire. Therefore we have outgrown the Ten Commandments and morality, long ago. We have graduated. Now when mature men and women take that attitude, as so many of us do, towards Jesus Christ, when we shrug our shoulders and lift our eyebrows cynically and knowingly at the mention of His name, then a way of life develops among us in which selfishness, greed and moral rottenness are dominant. Cleverness takes the place of character, sophistication takes the place of wisdom, honesty and honor die, both social and political life have the aura of the cesspool, and the ways of the back fence tomcat become the accepted creed of our young men and women. It was precisely because we as a people did shrug our shoulders at Jesus Christ, precisely because we did think He was crazy, precisely because we believed life to be merely physical, merely material, that we had the America of from 1919 to



DR. WILLIAM THOMSON HANZSCHE

Was born at Baltimore, Maryland, in 1891. Educated at Johns Hopkins, Washington and Lee, University of Chicago; studied Theology at Union and Princeton Theological Seminaries, from which he received his B.D. degree, and later M.S.Th. Was ordained as Presbyterian minister in 1917. Held several pastorates before becoming pastor of Prospect Street Presbyterian Church in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1922, where he still remains. Has edited the Presbyterian Magazine, is a trustee of that denomination, and is the author of numerous books. Well known as radio speaker, "The Trailfinder." Dr. Hanzsche is married, and has one daughter.



1929 in what Truslow Adams calls the "Mad Decade."

And when we ignore the spiritual, when we think we have outgrown the ancient moral code, when smartness still means more than honesty, and to be up to date still is more important than to be down to reality, when we insist that faith and morals have little meaning as long as there is cleverness and sophistication, we are once more headed for the rocks of ruin, instead of the open sea of recovery! Consider man only physical, consider the values of life merely material, and out of that materialism you will get greed and despair. It is what old Thomas Carlyle called "the philosophy of frog spawn and the ethics of the dust."

But there is a third attitude you can take toward Jesus Christ. One of the truly great men of modern America was Michael Pupin, who came to this country an immigrant boy, and who became one of our great scientists and inventors. He was head of the department of electromechanics at Columbia University when, in 1932, he was given the Fritz medal, the highest award given by the engineering profession to the scientist who has done most for practical engineering. Scientists and engineers gathered from all over the country to hear Dr. Pupin deliver an address on "The Power Age." (Continued on page 52)



A recent picture of Rev. George B. Gilbert, "puttering around" in his garden

## PREACHING



WHY should a minister be a different man as soon as he enters a church door? And still a more different man when he enters a pulpit? He sterilizes his voice and frosts his face and locks his arm joints and starts in. You want to step up behind him and start the turning grindstone act.

"I just want to ask you a straight question, may I? You won't be offended?" asked a Rotarian of a minister, as he was coming out of a meeting.

"Oh, of course not," said the minister.

"Well, what I would like to know is this: why can't you preach on Sunday the way you talked in Rotary today?"

Now, really, that is the question. Why can't a man do that? Perhaps he's got to have a set "lecture" style in his city church, but the day for that in the small church is past.



Can we get the range and feel of an audience, and see that they are responding or not? One can't help seeing for himself whether the people in front of him are interested or not, and, if they aren't, why waste time and breath? Why not just quit?

There must be a point of contact at the beginning of a sermon. Interest must be aroused, if you are to have any interest to keep. A good way to kill interest is to start off with exegetical discourse on the text. In another place in the Bible it says so and so. The Greek word (here you show off your learning) is so and so, and has a shade of difference in meaning



Last Installment of This Great Serial

*By George B. Gilbert*

(which most likely doesn't mean anything at all). By also quoting the revised version and probably Goodspeed's you can kill some five minutes, and have the people all saying to themselves, "Old stuff!"

"The difference between your sermons and mine," said a young preacher to me one day, "is that you get your sermon out of humanity, and I get mine out of books." There certainly is a great deal to that, and one doesn't have to be a thousand years old to have had plenty of human experiences from which to get his illustrations.

Then there is the newspaper! What a storehouse of up to date illustrations—

happenings that are right in people's minds, as they have all just been reading about them.

How long should a sermon be? Wasn't it Henry Ward Beecher who said that a sermon should be as long as one had something to say, and knew how to say it?

But even if one is really saying something, his hearers should be rested every little while—a bit of humor should be worked in to let them change their positions, look around a bit, laugh a bit, and be ready for another good dose. I read in the lecturers' column of a Grange paper, "Never let the people go home

without having had at least one good laugh."

I have followed this sound advice in connection with all my churches for years, with considerable emphasis on the "at least." If we're going to continue to have so many stiff, prim, long-faced, frigid-air services, we'll just have churches with fewer people in them than we have now—and that's saying something. I knew a minister who put up "silence" signs. He didn't need those signs; the church was already silent as the grave.

There was a church down in Lane District in which the congregation got into a quarrel, resulting in half of its members building another church, "Near enough," they said, "to drive the other out of business." Evidently the good Lord was minded to help them a bit, for He raised a mighty wind which blew

rising of the sun that he can arouse you to your early labor."

Of course there is a balance in a sermon between ideas from living persons and ideas gathered from books, and I love to read books, usually in bed at night. I enjoyed Carl Sandburg's "Prairie Years," and I have used it a great deal. I read all I can get hold of that has to do with Benjamin Franklin. His sense of humor and ready wit are wonderful. How much I have laughed over his suggestion to his father, when he was seven years old, that he ask the blessing over the whole barrel of salt codfish all at once as he rolled it in the cellar. This would save much time at table during the winter. And when the English claimed the colonies could not exist without importing wool, he told them that the wool was so heavy and thick on American sheep that little four wheel carts had to be built for their tails to rest on—else they could not move about to graze.

I used to get nearly all the books that came out on the church and rural life, but I haven't been able to keep up with the latest ones. Many fine books have come out—Liberty Hyde Bailey's "Earth" was a most uplifting volume. All those books and meetings helped me in my speaking on the country

and just can't help preaching it—it's so reasonable and so sensible.

Ainslie's "Scandal of Christianity" impressed me a great deal. I am a believer in church unity and many a time I have taken my Episcopal congregation to worship in a Congregational or Methodist Church. I also like Rufus Jones's books, though I may not be a mystic.

I dote on going to conferences of all kinds, even to the New England Council, which meets in Boston. I love to meet the men and get their ideas. I like a conference without any big shot speakers. Who ever saw a minister's conference in which the speakers weren't from big city parishes, often telling the little-parish man how to do his work?

I like to look over and get what I can out of church papers. I take "The Churchman," "The Christian Century," and "The Pulpit," and "The Witness." I admire "The Chronicle" very much. I have taken "The Living Church" at times, but its editorials always make me feel bitter. I have read "Harpers" for years, and "The Atlantic." We all enjoyed "Horse and Buggy Doctor," and "Country Lawyer"—the latter I thought especially good. "Gone With The Wind" gave a much truer picture of the old South than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which to my mind did a vast amount of



Mrs. Gilbert as she is today



The Gilbert home, from a recent photograph

the roof off the old building. Someone was casting about to build a commercial ice house, and his eyes lit upon that church. Did that ice ever melt? To the contrary, the man reaped a fortune.

When I was starting out I used Dean George Hodges' sermons for lay reading, and I loved them—they were always practical and never dull. As for Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, when you finished one, you sat back and said to yourself, "There's simply nothing more that could be said on that subject." They are chock full of illustrations. How often I have used the illustration he used when people complained that he talked about things that were not in his line. "You don't have to take a cock to bed with you to have him wake you up in the morning. He wakes you because he is aloft, and sees the

church, but I have found that nothing would impress my hearers as much as my own country experiences.

When someone found Henry Ward Beecher looking over a book on medicine in a store, he remarked that he read books on all subjects. "Yes," said Beecher, "on all subjects except theology." I think I have been that way. I have taken "The Rural New Yorker" and "The New England Homestead" for many years, as well as one or two other agricultural papers.

I still like to read over Edersheim's "Life of Christ," especially at Christmas time, during Holy Week, and on Palm Sunday. To no book in recent years do I owe more than to Denny's "Career and Significance of Jesus." This book expresses my ideas of the theology of the four gospels. I read it over and over

harm. I have always liked Edna Ferber's books, and took great pleasure in reading her "A Peculiar Treasure." As a boy I read most of George Eliot and Dickens, while sugaring in the woods. And I still like to go back and read them now, just for old time's sake.

#### Prayer

Going back to my legislative experience: after my time as a member of the legislature ended, I was called back to serve as Chaplain of the Senate. I thought I saw a great opportunity and I was determined to make the Chaplain's work much more worthwhile.

I had, from boyhood, been steeped in prayer book liturgy, and, of course, knew many of the Collects by heart. I had noticed that these prayers generally began by (Continued on page 47)





# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

AUGUST, 1940

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

### THURSDAY, AUGUST 1

#### SUMMER DAYS

"A PLEASANT THING . . . TO BEHOLD  
THE SUN."

READ ECCLESIASTES 11:6-10.

SUMMER SUNS not only gladden the earth with warmth and brightness, but also bring forth the fruits of the orchard and food for the service of man. There ARE GLOWING pages in the poets and essayists, in which the beauty of summer days is extolled, but there is a deeper meaning for the Christian. As winter gives way to spring, and spring to summer, so God works in the soul. OVER LAND AND SEA, His providence extends. And the dark experiences of trial and suffering by His grace, shall issue in the glorious fruits of the Spirit.

*Bestow upon us, O Thou divine benefactor, that faith which shall enable us to glory in all Thy dealings with us.*

### FRIDAY, AUGUST 2

#### SUNK WITHOUT WARNING

"THE MAN THAT ENDURETH TEMPTATION."  
READ JAMES 1:12-18.

THE tragic toll of war is still with us. The fiendish ingenuity of man can send a proud ship to the depths. Both the ship and precious lives count for nothing. As by the stab of an assassin in the dark, gallant vessels have disappeared—sunk without warning. None who ever saw such a disaster could forget it. But it is more tragic still to see a human life destroyed. Sailing the seas of frivolity and self-indulgence, suddenly it has been struck through disobedience and unbelief. Yet never can it be without warning. Christ's counsels, His pleading, His sacrifice, prove the desperate reality of sin.

*Save us, O Christ, from disregard of Thy precepts, from dallying with sin, that life may be consecrated to Thee.*

### SATURDAY, AUGUST 3

#### THE DIVINE ALCHEMIST

"FOR BRASS I WILL BRING GOLD."  
READ ISAIAH 60:15-19.

BEHIND the old cathedral, in the ancient city of Prague, is a narrow street of quaint houses. It is called

Golden Lane. There the alchemists of the middle ages lived. What were they trying to do? To bring forth gold from base metals. In one sense, God does that for the Christian. He takes trials and turns them into triumphs. He takes suffering and transmutes it into saintliness. He takes life's experiences and changes them into that which enriches the soul. Be of good cheer. Your Father loves and cares for you.

*By Thy Spirit, O God, lead us to that fuller faith in Thy fairness that will bring forth life's best in our souls.*

### SUNDAY, AUGUST 4

#### THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

"NONE OF US LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF."  
READ ROMANS 14:1-9.

SUNDAY we are off duty. Duty does not make quite so many demands. There is no compulsion today. We are free to follow our own bent. But are we? What of the claims of Christ's Church? What of Christian service? What of our example? Some one has said, "We come and go, and footprints left behind may prove to others what we were and are. Through light and darkness men search long and far how best to reach at last a happy height, where strife shall cease." Are we pointing the better way? Are we making it easier for others to find Christ?

*Let us so cherish the means of grace, so obey the dictates of Thy Spirit, that our lives may witness ever for Thee.*

### MONDAY, AUGUST 5

#### BEHOLD!

"I BEAR IN MY BODY THE MARKS  
OF THE LORD JESUS."  
READ GALATIANS 6:13-17.

IT IS always interesting, at shearing time, to see the sheep parting with their fleece. Admittedly, they look rather comical after the process, but a suggestive thing for us is the marking which, in some districts, follows. A man is there, with a stencil and a pot of color. As each sheep passes through the gate, he puts a given letter or mark on its new-shorn flank. That definitely proves ownership. Singularly enough,

Paul almost suggests the same thing. He bore the marks of suffering incurred through his service for Christ. Those brands showed to whom he belonged. Do we bear the likeness of Christ? Do people definitely know that we belong to Him?

*O Thou who wast not ashamed to call us Thy friends, save us from ever being ashamed to own Thee as our Lord and Ruler. For Thy love's sake, Amen.*

### TUESDAY, AUGUST 6

#### THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW

"NOT TO DOUBTFUL DISPUTATIONS."  
READ ROMANS 14:1-7.

IT IS always a sign of real greatness when we can make allowance for those who differ from us. That is, make allowance without patronizing or condescend. To be able to listen to some one who has not enough enlightenment to see the correct view of things—meaning our own—and yet to keep ourselves in hand betokens the soul which has learned a little of the Master's spirit. These are days when great issues are involved. Happy are we if we can speak with restraint and see the other point of view.

*Help us that we may be known as those whose hearts are set on peace with all men, and who have Christ as the supreme example. Amen.*

### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7

#### SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS

"FAITHFUL IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST."  
READ LUKE 16:1-10.

MANY years ago, a man prospecting in Alaska, came upon a small patch of self-grown wheat. Idly, he slipped one of the ripe ears into his pocket. When he returned to Idaho, he sowed the wheat and it yielded seven pounds of grain. That was a beginning. He sowed that grain, and harvested fifteen hundred pounds. Following the same course, the third year brought him twenty tons. We never know how great the results which can accrue from small beginnings. Did not Jesus say something about being faithful in that which is least?

# DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

*Enable us, by Thy good Spirit, so to use every opportunity of blessing some other life, that fruit may result to Thy glory. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, AUGUST 8

### HERITAGE

"I AM A DEBTOR."  
READ ROMANS 1:8-16.

**W**HEN we bestow a kindness on another, do we take it as something which makes that man our debtor? Or, on the other hand, do we feel that we are but sharing the good which has come to us through lives from which we have derived blessing? The truth is, we have all been enriched by Christ's grace. Therefore, we must ever strive to discharge our due debts by giving freely of God's comfort, encouragement, and cheer, and by passing on the light of the Gospel.

*Aid us, by Thy divine power to pass on the blessings we have derived from the service of others, and from Thee. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 9

### EXCUSES INDICATE WHAT?

"THEY . . . BEGAN TO MAKE EXCUSE."  
READ LUKE 14:16-24.

**J**OHAN WANAMAKER used to chuckle over the mythical "Almost Family." He found members of it in business and everywhere. The father was "Almost on time;" the mother, "Almost ready." Their progeny were, "Almost did it." Why people think that mere excuses can justify laziness, tardiness, or incompetency, is one of the seven wonders of the world. When we really mean to do anything, go anywhere, reach any God-given goal, we can do it. Those invited guests did not want to go to the feast. Yet who was the loser—the host or the guest?

*Make strong our hearts, nerve our wills, that we may not be found wanting when Thou dost call on us to serve Thee. Amen.*

## SATURDAY, AUGUST 10

### PURSUING HAPPINESS

"IN WHATSOEVER STATE I AM . . . CONTENT."  
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:8-13.

**T**O PURSUE happiness, for its own sake, is a sure way of missing it. That is borne out by Nathaniel Hawthorne. "Happiness in this world," he says, "when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it." The frivolous worldling may find

pleasure, excitement, change—but never happiness. That comes to the Christ-like soul, striving to follow the Master's example and do His will.

*Let us set our hearts on being, not seeming; on sharing, not acquiring. So shall Thy peace and joy be ours. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, AUGUST 11

### WHY GO TO CHURCH?

"THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH."  
READ ISAIAH 40:27-31.

**W**HY go to church? Because, no matter how custom or circumstances may change, our needs have not. God's gracious provisions for those needs have not. Blessings rich and full have crowned our days. And gratitude impels us to render thanks unto Him. That is not all. With subversive influences, tending to undermine our faith, with grievous loads to carry, with experiences that rob the soul of peace and poise, we need the Divine ministrations. God's word to us, the aid of His gracious Spirit, meet us in the sanctuary.

*Where two or three are met together in Thy name, O Saviour, there art Thou. Help us to honor Thee and also meet with Thee. Amen.*

## MONDAY, AUGUST 12

### THE DAILY GRIND

"HE SET HIS FACE STEADFASTLY."  
READ LUKE 9:51-56.

**S**UCH is life's challenge that we must face our duties bravely, whether we like it or not. When one says, "I don't feel like it," that is only a vain excuse. Suppose our Master had not felt like it when people came for help, when sinners sought pardon or the sorrowful asked comfort. Suppose when Jerusalem, Gethsemane, Calvary lay before Him, He had held back? Knowing what it meant to Him, and also what it would mean to us, "He set His face."

*Thou blessed example for mankind, Thou Redeemer of us all, strengthen us that we may meet bravely all life's demands. In Thy name, Amen.*

## TUESDAY, AUGUST 13

### A POOR INVESTMENT

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS . . . ?"  
READ ROMANS 6:16-23.

**T**HAT crime does not pay is a familiar statement. Warden Lewis E. Lawes knows more about that than most men. He once tabulated the results from nine hundred criminals in Sing Sing. Based on the years they must serve and the proceeds of their offenses, their profits averaged \$29.07 per year. Robbery had

yielded \$1.30 per year; larceny, \$38.00; forgery, dealing with large sums as it did, was \$642.00; and burglary, \$2.00. Yet, men will waste their powers for such paltry returns. Sin is a cruel taskmaster, but Christ is its conqueror. Righteousness both enriches and exalts.

*Deliver us from that foolishness which thinks there can be any blessedness or true wealth apart from Thee. For Christ's sake, Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14

### DOING OUR SHARE

"IN THIS WILL I BE CONFIDENT."  
READ PSALM 27:1-6

**A** TYPHOON struck the coast of South China some few years ago. Devastation swept the community. In one Christian home, the parents piled furniture, in lieu of typhoon bars, against the door to keep it closed. Meanwhile, the two boys were huddled under their bed, with the family cat. The elder sought to reassure his brother. "We don't need to be afraid," he said. "God knows about this typhoon. He will take care of everything." "Yes," replied the younger, "but not the cat. I'm looking after her." With a child's faith, he felt if God were doing His part, then he must help. Are we helping Him?

*Because Thou hast delegated some of life's service to us, help us that we, in aiding others, may help Thee. For Jesus' sake, Amen.*

## THURSDAY, AUGUST 15

### THE FACE OF THE SKIES

"THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD."  
READ PSALM 19

**H**AVE you noticed the sky these summer days? Whether at the solemn hour when a new day is born, or in the splendid glory of the sunset, it has its message for the responsive soul. Some one has beautifully said, "Master, Lord God, Maker of sunrise and sunsets . . . lift my soul from earth's petty things, O, purge me of unworthiness. As the wind sweeps over my body, surround me thus with Thy truth."

*Enrich our minds with Thy truth, our lives with Thy grace, that our souls may be steadied and made strong. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 16

### OUR UNFAILING GOD

"OUR GOD IS ABLE."  
READ DANIEL 3:14-18

**T**HOSE three Hebrew youths shame us. They were far from home and the reinforcement of a religious atmosphere. (Continued on page 40)



# DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 39)

Yet when Nebuchadnezzar threatened them with the fiery furnace, they were undismayed. "Our God is able to deliver us." They did not know Jehovah as their heavenly Father. They had never received the gracious assurances of Jesus. They had few aids to a virile faith. We have all these. Why then do we not trust our Father fully? Is it because we do not know Him? Through the Bible and prayer that knowledge comes. To know is to trust.

*Enlighten our souls with that revelation of Thyself, O God, made ours in the Gospel of Thy Son. Amen.*

## SATURDAY, AUGUST 17

"LET US DO GOOD UNTO ALL MEN."  
READ GALATIANS 6:1-10.

THE Arabs have a saying which places a new emphasis on our spoken words, and also life's opportunities for service. Their counsel runs: "Remember three things come not back: the arrow sent upon its track, it will not serve, it will not stay its speed; it flies to wound or stay. The spoken word so soon forgot by thee, but it has perished not; in other hearts 'tis living still and doing work for good or ill."

*Because Thou hast made life ours, help us to use our strength aright, that Thou mayest be glorified. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, AUGUST 18

"I PRAY NOT THAT THOU SHOULDEST TAKE THEM OUT OF THE WORLD."  
READ JOHN 17:9-17.

ADMITTING the fine devotion which marked the monastic life of the Middle Ages, most of us have a feeling of healthy revolt against the recluse. We do not believe that Christ intended His followers to withdraw from life. Yet, unknowingly, we may yield to the same impulse to let the evil world go on its way. To refuse to engage in Christian service is to live the self-centered life—the negation of true discipleship.

*Fill our hearts with passionate love to Thee, O Christ, that we may be impelled to express that love in worthy service.*

## MONDAY, AUGUST 19

"TO EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS SEVERAL ABILITY."  
READ MATTHEW 25:14-19.

WE RECENTLY heard of a dear old man, celebrating his eighty-seventh birthday. A large number of friends sent their congratulations and their gifts. Among the latter was a book which a professor friend had just published, on "Teaching the preacher to preach." The old gentleman was a trifle incensed. "Those who can preach don't need it," he said. "And those who can't, won't buy it. What we need is a book on 'Teaching the layman to lay.'" There is more than unconscious humor in that. If we all strove to be

loyal to the particular task entrusted to us, what a different world this would be.

*Inspire us, O divine Master, to be faithful to Thee in the tasks of the common day, that we may ever glorify Thee.*

## TUESDAY, AUGUST 20

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."  
READ PSALM 30:1-5.

WE SOMETIMES bemoan that life is so full of change. Yet what a grievous thing it would be if that beneficent law were not continually in operation. Night closes in upon us; darkness overspreads the earth. Yet, with the passing of a few hours, the dawn comes to herald a new day. Strain and trial, sorrow and suffering, come to us all. And as every winter gives way to the brighter days, so "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

*Lead us to that tranquil trust in Thee, so that in adversity we may be enabled to await the outworking of Thy purposes. For Christ's sake, Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21

"THE SEA IS HIS AND HE MADE IT."  
READ PSALM 95.

IT IS hard for some of us, whose homes are far inland, to realize that our eastern and western coasts are constantly washed by the great oceans. So the mighty forces of God's boundless love play upon our souls. In Him we may find coolness, reinvigoration, and spiritual renewal. In prayer, in reading His Word, in fellowship with Him, these forces are liberated for our quickening and inspiration.

*"O Love, that wilt not let me go. . . I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be."*

## THURSDAY, AUGUST 22

"I AM THE WAY."  
READ JOHN 14:6-12.

WHEN Helen Keller, in spite of her tremendous handicaps, turned to the study of religion, Bishop Phillips Brooks was chosen to teach her. How could he make the fact of God clear to one both blind and deaf? He strove to impart the truth to her, when suddenly she said, "I knew God all along, only I did not know His name." How thankful ought we to be for the knowledge we possess.

*We adore Thee, O Saviour Christ, that Thou didst mirror for us our Father's face. Help us to live unto Him.*

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 23

"THE FIERY TRAIL WHICH IS TO TRY YOU."  
READ I PETER 4:7-13.

SOME years ago, a store on Lower Broadway, New York City, displayed a safe. It was rusty and scarred, and made a poor showing among other new safes.

Yet a card told the story. "This safe stood the test. The contents were undamaged." It had been through a fierce fire, which had gutted an office building, and so they said, with justifiable pride, it had stood the test. So will our faith, when fixed on the Living God.

*We bless Thee that none who trust in Thee, O God, shall ever be put to shame. Strengthen us, through Jesus, Amen.*

## SATURDAY, AUGUST 24

"NEITHER IS THERE SALVATION IN ANY OTHER."  
READ ACTS 4:8-12.

KAGAWA reveals the futility of some ancient faiths. "There are many religions in the Orient," he says. "But is there any that clearly teaches that God loves humanity with the love of the Cross? Buddhism propounds abstract principles, but it failed to wipe away my tears. . . Shintoism and militarism, Brahmanism and superstition, are closely associated. Man will not be saved thus." Only by Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, can the race be redeemed.

*Give us grace that we may be true to Thine everlasting evangel, O Lord, and ever glory in Thy sacrifice. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, AUGUST 25

"THEY HAD BEEN WITH JESUS."  
READ ACTS 4:1-18.

A MISSIONARY in China penetrated to a remote village previously untouched by the Gospel as far as he knew. He told the story of the Son of God: how He went about doing good, healing the sick, and comforting the sad. To his amazement, some in the crowd cried out, "We know Him. He lived here." The missionary explained their mistake. Jesus had lived in a distant land two thousand years before. But the people were not convinced. Why? It was a Christian doctor who had lived and died in that village. And they had identified him with Christ. Are we like Him?

*Help us to live so worthily that men may take knowledge of us that we have been with Thee. Amen.*

## MONDAY, AUGUST 26

"YE KNOW THAT YOUR LABOR IS NOT IN VAIN."  
READ I CORINTHIANS 15:54-58.

YOU may recall the simple, yet moving lines of Arthur H. Clough. They commence, "Say not the struggle naught availeth, the labor and the wounds are vain." Then he goes on to show why faith and courage should be ours. We have only to do our best, and God's mighty power shall crown our weak endeavors.

*For the comfort we have in Thee, we bless Thee, through Jesus our Lord.*

(Continued on page 53)



## THE BAND CONCERT

*An Old American Institution*

**R**EMEMBER . . . the band concert of a summer's evening in your home town?

**Y**OU knew the men of the band. They were farmers, carpenters, tradesmen, the newspaper editor, the doctor's son. You knew their "pieces", too. The repertory ran to marches—brisk loud and stirring. Sousa's *Washington Post* . . . *Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay*, heavy with cymbals . . . a Strauss waltz now and then . . . *Swanee River* . . . *In The Sweet Bye and Bye*.

**N**IGHT noises filled the breaks in the music . . . crickets and tree toads like fiddles, far away, the soft cello coo of sleepy doves, and every once in a while a bullfrog chiming in like a big bassoon. Presently a single star showed up alongside the spire of the Congregational Church.

**W**HILE radio and automobile have thinned

band concert crowds, in many a town the bandstand still remains in the Square, its slender carved pillars and fretwork gray against the evening sky. Birds have nests under the pagoda-like eaves. Children, using the stand as "home" for run sheep run, clutter up the circling stairs. Yet throughout the nation, old-fashioned band concerts still play a part in the lives of kindly towns where folks believe that nothing graces a summer evening quite so well.

**G**OOD wholesome things, whether they be food or custom, have a way of becoming a permanent part of American life. Long before most of you were born, Heinz foods were lending their goodness to family get-togethers after the band concert. And though Heinz methods and facilities have improved from year to year to keep pace

with the times and changing habits, Heinz continues faithful to old-fashioned recipes, careful old-time ways and well-remembered tastes and flavors.

**G**ENERATIONS of American families recognize the House of Heinz as a fine old American institution—just as they remember the band concert, the grocery store "forum", the voices of old friends.

**M**EMORIES of friendly gatherings, small-town festivities and good food go to make up the pattern of American living—a pattern in which H. J. Heinz Company has had a part for the past 57 seventy years.

**H. J. Heinz Company**  
*An Old American Institution*



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**FREE!**

(Continued from page 29)

you! I'll show you, you stinking beast!"  
 "Miles," shouted Marcus. "Miles, we're coming! Doctor Whitman and Governor Simpson!" And the two horses leaped to the sound of the boy's voice.

Against a tall rock stood Narcissa. As Marcus and Simpson appeared, an Indian dropped his hands from Miles Goodyear's throat and flung himself on his pony, then crashed away through the underbrush.

"Catch him!" cried Marcus. "It's Joe Buffalo!"

"We'll get him at our leisure!" said Simpson grimly, watching Marcus, who had thrown himself from his horse with a great cry:

"Narcissa! Are you hurt?"  
 "Not at all except for a twisted wrist," she said, her voice a little uneven. "He had just grasped me to force me aboard his horse when Miles came. I must have held him in parley for an hour. I even sang to him!"

"It was the singing I heard," panted Miles.

"I think I'd like to sit down a moment," said Narcissa, looking about her vaguely. Governor Simpson laid his blue cape against the rock. "Lean on this, Madam Whitman!"

Narcissa slid to the ground and lay back against the rock, her eyes closed, her face deathly white in the afterglow. Simpson cleared his throat. "How did you come here, Master Goodyear?"

"Oh, I was scouting after the horses and cows, and I had just located them up the valley, where an Indian has them cached, when I heard Mrs. Whitman singing. I was sneaking quietly away from the Indian that has the herd, and came upon Mrs. Whitman just as she was trying to pull her arm away from Joe Buffalo. I gave him the hardest kick I ever gave any one, right in the er-stomach."

"Well," said the Governor, "you are a credit to the Hudson's Bay Company, young man!" He fired his gun three times, as a signal that "all's well."

"With your permission, Governor," said Marcus, "I'll send my wife on with you and remain with Malcolm to bring in the herd."

"Very well," agreed Simpson. Narcissa smiled and Simpson gave his horse its head until they were out of the sagebrush. Then Narcissa said, quietly, "Lest we are not alone again, I will tell you now, Governor, that I must refuse with thanks your offer concerning the founding of a school."

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear that. Will you, perhaps, give your reasons?"

"Yes. You stooped very low, Governor Simpson, when you stole our pitiful herd of livestock from us. I will not associate myself with a person or a concern that will so lower itself. More, I tell you that, if our animals are fit to travel tomorrow, we leave without supplies, for the Columbia."

"I did not steal your livestock, Madam!"  
 "You ordered it cached, for how long I do not know."

"Do you realize what you are saying, Madam?"

"I do indeed," answered Narcissa. "I realize that I have made a powerful enemy for our future mission." She

laughed a little sadly as she spoke, and nothing else was said during the ride.

They breakfasted at dawn, and prepared to set out, a little surprised that no effort was made to stop them. Narcissa would have been enlightened if she could have heard Simpson's reply to Captain Thing's protest. But Governor, after your hurried journey and all, to give up so tamely!"

"Give up? Why, mannie, you don't know me! Before I'm through with these Whitmans, they will be glad to escape to the States and warn all Americans against the troubles that beset them!"

Five days later the missionaries pitched their camp near the American Falls of the Snake River. Next morning, several Digger Indians appeared, with fresh salmon for sale, Marcus purchased all they had, and breakfast was a much enjoyed feast. From that time on, for ten days, they traveled near enough to the Snake to keep supplied with fish.

They reached Fort Boise about the middle of August. It was occupied by Thomas McKay, the Company's factor, and Factor McLeod, who was stopping with McKay before going on to Fort Vancouver. Rather to their surprise, they were given supplies; and at Narcissa's urgent suggestion, Marcus finally consented to leave the wagon and team there, with the clear understanding that he would return for them later.

Unencumbered by the wagon, their rate of travel increased after they left Fort Boise. They were much hearted, though a little puzzled, by the fact that Factor McLeod went with them.

At sunset, on the tenth day after leaving Fort Boise, they topped the last mountain. Far, far below lay a great valley, cut from north to south by a silver ribbon, the Columbia. For a moment the travelers paused to take in this view of the promised land, then they plunged down the mountain side and camped in the valley.

It was agreed that McLeod, with the Whitmans, should ride on ahead, leaving Spalding and Gray to bring the slower pack train. So, before sunup the next morning, the three were galloping toward Fort Walla Walla. They reached it early on the following day. The fort was a much more substantial affair than Fort Hall. The stockade, of driftwood logs, was oblong in shape. Within were several houses, a corral for a hundred horses, a trading store and a blacksmith shop. McLeod introduced the Whitmans to Pierre Pambrun, the factor, who courteously invited them to breakfast. The meal over, McLeod said to Pambrun,

"I've been giving orders about the boats. I must leave at dawn tomorrow—letters for Dr. McLoughlin. I want to take Dr. and Mrs. Whitman with me."

A runner brought word from Dr. McLoughlin yesterday," said Pambrun, "telling me to show every hospitality to this mission party, and invite them to settle here and on the Clearwater."

"Among what Indian tribes would Dr. McLoughlin place us, Mr. Pambrun?" asked Marcus.

"The Cayuse and the Walla Wallapoos in this neighborhood, and the Nez Percés on the Clearwater."

"Fine" cried Marcus. "I agree at once,

and as far as I am concerned the conference is ended."

"But not as far as I am concerned," objected McLeod. "Governor Simpson was express in his desire that Dr. and Mrs. Whitman should visit Fort Vancouver."

Narcissa drew Marcus aside. "Marcus, don't you think we'd better go to Fort Vancouver? If we are to work intelligently here, it seems to me we must try to get the Governor and Dr. McLoughlin to agree on what they want us to do."

Marcus took a turn or two around the room. "Well, so be it, my dear wife. I suppose we'll have an awful time getting Gray and Spalding into line, but your ideas are sound, and we will persuade them."

So it came about that the morning after the rest of the party arrived, they all, together with Pambrun who also decided to make the trip, began the journey by boat to Fort Vancouver. It was a trip of such ease that it seemed to the missionaries utterly disconnected with the previous part of their journey.

On the fifth day after leaving Fort Walla Walla, they swung into the broad reaches of the waters before Fort Vancouver. The fort was located on a beautiful fertile slope, rising for about two miles from the river. Great trees bounded it on the land side. Mount Hood stood, a snowcapped sentinel, sixty miles to the east, the wonderful Willamette River stretched southward. The fort itself covered about eight acres, surrounded by a log stockade twenty feet high. Inside were over forty buildings—the Chief Factor's house, bachelors' halls, stores and workshops. Outside the stockade were cottages for married employees, a hospital, granary, boathouses, threshing mills and dairies. There were fifteen hundred acres in the finest state of cultivation, thousands of cattle, mares and milch cows.

When the missionaries were admitted through the great gate, the Chief Factor was standing at the door of his residence to welcome them; an enormously tall man, about fifty-two, with long, prematurely white hair, flowing back over his shoulders. He wore blue broadcloth with lace-trimmed ruffles. His greeting was courtly, the welcome of a feudal lord to honored guests.

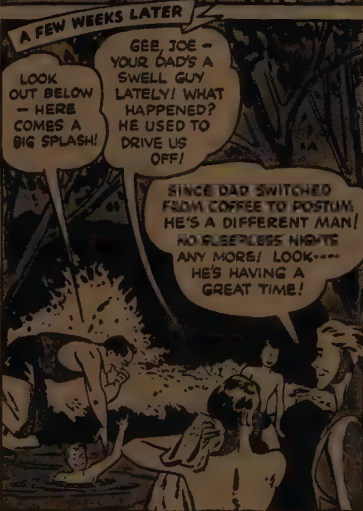
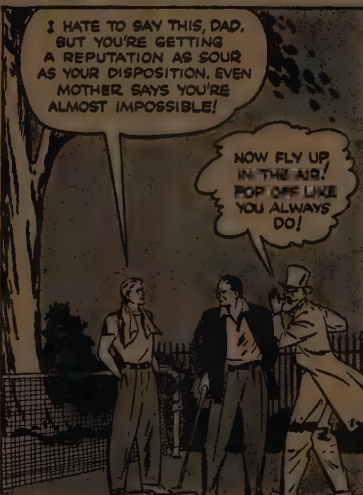
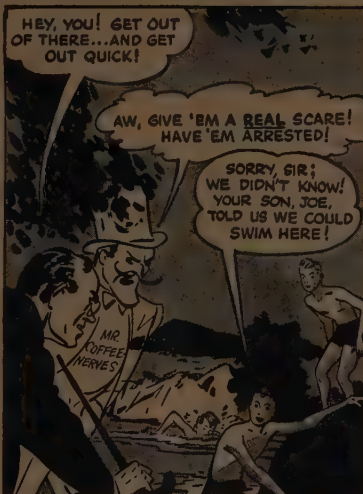
"Tis exactly the dinner hour," he exclaimed. "Come to the table." He led them to the great dining hall; when they were seated he waved his hand, and a group of men-servants began to serve the dinner. There was an elaborate menu, of soup, fish, game, roast, pastry, fruit and



## America's Invasion of China

Charles P. Culver, Christian Herald's missionary to China, now home on Sabbatical leave, has something to say that every Christian will want to hear. He plans to be in the Pacific Coast area during the months of September and October and if you will write Mr. Culver, stating what date you would like your congregation to hear him on the subject nearest his heart: "America's Invasion of China," he will endeavor to work his schedule to include your group. Address your letter to Mr. Charles Culver, 900 W. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

# JOE GETS A NEW DAD



**M**ANY PEOPLE can safely drink coffee. But many others—and all children—should never drink it.

So if you have nervous indigestion, if you can't sleep, or if you're nervous and irritable—and you think

coffee-nerves may be responsible—switch to Postum. For Postum can't fray your nerves—it contains no caffeine or stimulant of any kind.

And Postum is delicious! It has a distinctive, full-bodied flavor all its own that has made it the favorite drink in millions of American homes.

So if coffee upsets you, drink Postum instead. And then—even in two short weeks—see if your nerves aren't steadier... see if you don't feel better!

**Two economical forms:** Postum, made as you make coffee; and Instant Postum, made *instantly* in the cup. A General Foods Product.

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**T**HE same powdered chemical compound that kept toilets glistening and sanitary 28 years ago is used by countless women today. Sani-Flush is still the easiest and best known way to keep toilet bowls spotless. You don't have to scrub and scour. You don't even touch it with your hands.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl twice a week. It even cleans the hidden trap. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (Also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) See directions on can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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264 Laurel St. Dept. H Buffalo, N. Y.

wines. When the meal was well launched, McLoughlin turned to Marcus.

"I suggest that you settle near Fort Walla Walla; and that you devote yourselves, not to teaching the impossible savage to be an improbable farmer, but to educating and Christianizing the groups of women and children we will send you from time to time. There is plenty of time to discuss these matters. I want you ladies to meet Madam McLoughlin. Ian," to the butler, "take the ladies to the Madam's room."

It proved to be a large room, hung with skins and furnished with buffalo-hide chairs. A middle-aged woman of swarthy skin, wearing a flowing black silk dress, stood beside the window. Narcissa crossed the room, holding out her hand.

"Madam McLoughlin," she said, "I am Mrs. Whitman, and this is my friend Mrs. Spalding. You are kind to have us here. It does seem wonderful after our rough trip from the States."

A sudden glow lifted the half-breed woman's face to beauty. "You lak' it here? I am so glad!"

"It is just fine here," said Eliza Spalding heartily. "Let's sit down and have a good talk. I'm dying to know how you manage so many things that we don't know. Some one said you could really make sweet butter in a hide."

Madam McLoughlin pulled three chairs together. "Yes! Yes! And keep the bee, too. That you must do also."

"And the babies?" asked Narcissa. "How do the Indians feed them with no mother's milk?"

"That I know too!" Madam McLoughlin sighed ecstatically. "I lak' you both. You mak' me feel I know much."

The three women laughed together.

An hour later McLoughlin appeared in the door. An extraordinary look of gratification spread over his face.

Madam McLoughlin ran to him. "Doctor," she cried. "These white ladies lak it here. They lak me—I see it in their eyes."

"Madam McLoughlin is a perfect mine of information about all the things we most want to know," said Narcissa. "And she's been so good about answering our questions."

"Your school is established the other way around, Doctor," said Eliza.

McLoughlin returned her smile, with something like gratitude in his look. Then he said,

"Governor Simpson has arrived. I shall have to ask you ladies to excuse me for a time."

It was nearing midnight when Simpson, who had been in close conference all those hours, ran his hand wearily through his hair.

"You are the most obstinate man on earth, McLoughlin. We are just where we started. I do not wish, unless I am forced to it, to use my authority."

"Do you not, indeed!" stormed McLoughlin. "You do not appreciate the extent of my hold on this country."

"Is it your hold or the Company's?"

McLoughlin brought his fist down on the table. "I am the Company, in Oregon!"

The two men eyed each other. "This land cries for farmers," he went on. "It is inevitable that they come. You say you must have two years in which to

handle the Congress. I am trying to give you those two years. Whitman says he is here to save souls. Very well, let him do so as our unacknowledged agent."

"Diplomacy is not enough, Doctor. And the Whitmans—"

"Yes, what of the Whitmans? I had them located where Pierre Pambrun could manage them, could sicken them of their notion until they would finally return to the States. And you must rush them here to upset all my plans."

The Governor eyed the Chief Factor a moment, then his face suddenly changed.

"McLoughlin," he said, "I've been mistaken in my judgment of you. You have been handling the situation better than I could. I must be on my way before you are awake—important letters that must be pushed eastward on the King's business. Remember, nothing must interfere with your plan for the missionaries. Madam Whitman is the pivot on which they all turn."

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 32)

called in that there was some trouble up stairs—they thought this party was celebrating with fireworks, or something," he says. "A wagon crew manned by Ernest Jones, the driver, and Ephraim Rancour the minute-man, responded to the call. When Officer Jones rapped at the apartment door a suave voice invited him to enter. He swung the door open and "Ice Wagon" Connolly, who was standing back of it, shot him through the forehead. Officer Rancour, who was standing immediately behind him, jumped about three feet across the hallway into a pantry. Connolly took a shot at him and the bullet went through Rancour's shoulder. The officer drew his gun with his left hand and engaged him in a battle which resulted in the officer killing Connolly.

"When additional detectives responded to the call they found in the bedroom Killer Caniff and this woman Harrison, both having been shot several times each, presumably by Connolly.

So much for crime. It is easy for the Chief to come back to thoughts on religion, especially when he finds a sympathetic ear.

The Bible, he thoroughly believes, is divinely inspired. He believes that a comprehensive picture of what the world needs is between the covers of the Good Book. There is no hope for the world until civilized people get to the point where they can apply the Bible teachings to their individual lives.

He's had pretty good success in trusting to the care of the Lord. Twenty-four years ago he joined the Police Department of Highland Park as an ordinary patrolman. Promoted to minute man, then motor-cycle officer, then to sergeant, he went to his Chief and asked for a voluntary demotion because he couldn't get into the detective bureau as a ranking officer. The same day the order became effective in council, he went in to the detective bureau and later was made lieutenant in charge of the bureau. This position he held until promoted, in 1930, to be Chief.

Looking at him from the outside, one can honestly say that here's a man who says, "The Lord is with me; of whom shall I be afraid?"

a chapter in itself and for lack of space best left untold, except to say that at Eppel, another city somewhat nearer my destination, I had asked for a taxi driver who could speak English. But the driver knew not a word of English, but, thank goodness, he could understand a few words of my carefully-rehearsed Dutch.

It was a Sunday afternoon, and passing us in large numbers were cyclists, some in brightly-colored wooden shoes manipulating their machines with no more effort than you and I would have with our leather boots. Though much of the land in that vicinity consists of peat bogs, there were enough of conventional farms, with their ever-present flower gardens, to brighten up the landscape and make it seem like the Holland that I had seen in the travel posters.

Finally, at the right side of the road, appeared the sign "Ruinen"—lettered white on a blue background—and in the distance appeared the little brick church towering over a cluster of brick houses, most of them with thatched roofs.

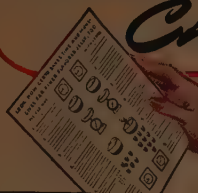
The driver had been well instructed, and immediately he went into action, asking of every passerby: "Waar women de ruïne?" and by this process we soon ended up at a plot behind the church. I am afraid that this household was even more suspicious of the stranger than I had been the minister at Zwolle, but the old man did a noble job in convincing the Rev. L. N. de Jong that he need not be afraid, once he had answered the call of a housekeeper, Miss Schout, that a man who said he was an American wanted to talk to him.

When I had explained my mission, Dr. de Jong indicated that he would like to show me the church, but before leaving the house, he explained the reason for its parent age, and the beautiful silver chandelier in the doorway. The building, he said, had been a convent many centuries ago, and that time before the Reformation when the church still was a Roman Catholic place.

The interior was arranged in the typical Dutch style. In the center, at one side of the church, was the pulpit, a beautifully carved wooden raised platform, with a sounding board above, and the curving doorway leading up from the brick and stone floor. This pulpit, Dr. de Jong explained, dated from the very beginning of the church, and so was five hundred years old. Around a small table in front of it were the velvet collection bags, lined at the end of six-foot poles. The wall behind the pulpit was white-washed, and was the opposite one and the one at the end of the church at which we stood. The pews were plain wooden benches, with a very narrow seating space, and a back-rest sloping down at the rear into a high for hymnals and prayer books. They were arranged in the customary manner, those at each end of the church facing the opposite end, and the ones in the center facing the pulpit. Just at one end of the center, amidst this latter group of pews, was an old-fashioned sheet metal stove, with a large pipe extending upward to the roof. Alongside the pipe hung a chandelier, of dull metal, containing

(Continued on page 46)

# This Chart Helped Me to Become a Jelly Champion!



Mrs. Kenneth E. Harris of Douglas, Wyoming, whose strawberry and red buffalo berry jellies, made with Certo, carried off first prizes at the 1939 Wyoming State Fair.



## LOOK HOW CERTO SAVES TIME AND MONEY, GIVES FAR FINER FLAVORED JELLY, TOO!

### THE OLD WAY

1. Mrs. A. after cleaning and crushing her berries, was ready to start making her jam at nine o'clock.

2. The red band on the kettle indicates the amount of fruit and juice that Mrs. A. got from her berries (4 cups). The strawberries cost 16¢ a quart—2 quarts 33¢.

3. Mrs. A. added 2 pounds of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 5¢ per pound—2 pounds 10¢.

4. Following the old "pound per pound" standard recipe, Mrs. A. had to boil the fruit and sugar about 30 minutes before the jam thickened to the desired consistency. This long boiling evaporated one-half of the original weight of the berries and carried off most of the natural fresh fruit flavor as fragrant steam.

5. When Mrs. A. poured her jam, she found she had 6 glasses. The cost:  
Berries ..... 33¢  
Sugar ..... 10¢  
6) 43¢  
7½¢

The 6 glasses of jam that Mrs. A. made cost an average of at least 7½¢ per glass.

6. It took 45 minutes for Mrs. A. to make her 6 glasses of jam. It was nine-forty-five when she finished.



### WITH CERTO

1. Mrs. B. was ready to start her jam making at nine o'clock, too.

2. Mrs. B. using the same quantity of strawberries (2 quarts), got the same amount of fruit and juice (4 cups). Her berries cost 16¢ a quart—2 quarts 33¢.

3. Mrs. B. added 3 lbs. of sugar (an extra pound because she knew none of her fruit juice would boil away). The sugar cost 5¢ per lb.—3 lbs. 15¢.

4. Mrs. B. brought her fruit and sugar to a full rolling boil, boiled hard for 3 minutes, removed from the stove, and added ½ bottle of Certo. Certo is simply the jellifying substance of fruit in concentrated liquid form. At about 24¢ per bottle, the ½ bottle Mrs. B. used cost about 12¢.

5. Mrs. B. got 10 glasses of the same size from her berries. The cost:

Berries ..... 33¢  
Sugar ..... 15¢  
Certo (½ bottle) ..... 12¢  
10) 60¢  
6¢

The 10 glasses cost only 6¢ per glass. Note how Certo pays for itself in increased yield... saves time and fuel.

6. Mrs. B.'s 10 glasses of jam were made in just 15 minutes. She was all through at nine-fifteen. And it had cost her nothing to use Certo!

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Extra bonus. Experience unnecessary. Special combination offer.  
Write today for samples on approval and free money-making details.  
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In three visits to the Netherlands while it still retained the independence it had enjoyed for centuries, I could cite many other instances of the kind of people who live there, but perhaps these will suffice to show something of what they are and how they live. It is worth while noting, and emphasizing, that none of those mentioned in this article wore wooden shoes, nor did they appear in costumes commonly associated with the tourist Netherlands. They are a people very much like ourselves, both in tradition and ways of thinking, and that is one reason why the servitude in which they find themselves now will be doubly hard to bear.

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(Continued from page 37)

recognizing that power in the Almighty which could grant the petition.

I could not see why the prayers should not have in mind the work in hand—the bills to be considered that very day, especially if they were important bills. I tried to carry this idea out. One senator half humorously remarked that he planned to be in his seat at the time of the prayer not only for the inspiration, but to learn what the calendar for the day was.

The man that received the *Christian Herald* prize for first mailing my name to the magazine, had previously written me about a prayer I offered the day the senate was to have a banquet together.

All along there were a great many requests to have the prayers printed out. I never thought them good enough for that.

On the last day of the session, the men gave me a very beautiful banjo-electric clock, and in his presentation speech the senator kindly said that there wasn't a man in the room that was not a better man for having heard my prayers. My prayer, and my last one, was this:

"O Almighty God, Who hatest nothing that Thou hast made and dost forgive the sins of all those that are penitent, blot out of Thy book of remembrance, we beseech Thee, those things we have done which we should not have done and those we have not done which we should have done; and as we go back to our old time routine and the memory of these days is fading and the toils of life are growing, may the heartstrings of our friendships still be binding, and the recollections of our labors together still be sustaining, and the day of parting be as a milestone in the long journey and the blessed Lord God watch between me and thee when we are separated, the one from the other. Amen."

### Summing It All Up

When the money is taken to town, the support of the church goes with it. When the district school closes, a bus gathers up the children and takes them to a consolidated school, but when the crossroads church closes, no car or bus goes out for the children. This is the situation that the country minister faces, and it has to be met by a practical and immediate form of Christianity.

It is not church form that makes good Christians. The essence of the Christian ministry lies deeper than that and is rooted in human relationships. Too often the theologian doesn't know how to get along with people. The church cannot fail to be ineffective unless its clergy reach the poor, and that can only be done by long and friendly acquaintance in their homes, ripening gradually into mutual affection—a link which brings them finally into the fold. When preachers begin to visit with their congregations in the true and intimate sense of the word, and not with the stuffy formality I remember from the days of my youth in Vermont, then will the children want to sit around in church and listen.

*Note: Beginning with our next issue, Mr. Gilbert will write for Christian Herald a monthly column entitled, "The Country Preacher Says."*

AUGUST 1940

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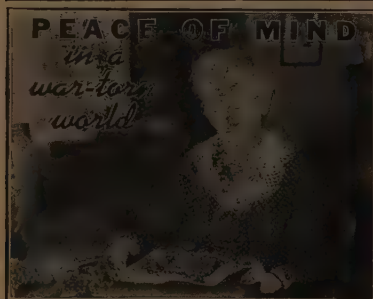
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(Continued from page 15)

gaining recognition as a poet in Canada, he came with his family to the United States and there settled down to make an American career. He liked America and America liked him.

A friend of Robb's owned an estate near Chazy, New York. Part of it was a bird sanctuary, and knowing the poet's interest in birds, he invited him to move his home to the village and use the bird sanctuary as a laboratory for his nature studies. There was a little abandoned church at Chazy which had been built by an English gentleman for a congregation which had outgrown it. It was entailed, so it couldn't be sold. The poet might use it as his study and library.

When Robb saw that church it was love at first sight! "It was altogether enchanting," he told me, "a Gothic gem in limestone, with leaded windows. I called it 'Abbey Dawn' because I love the dawn, and the wee, quaint church was like a dream abbey. And close by was this great sanctuary estate of my friend. It was a poet's paradise."

He had all his plans made to move to Chazy, and probably would still be there had it not been that Edward, Prince of Wales, chose that very time to visit Canada and the States, and in passing, learned about this amusing Canadian who had taken his muse to America.

The Prince listened to the amusing story—but, as Queen Victoria used to sniff, he was "not amused." The Prince became the poet's patron, and the poet ordered all his goods and belongings packed up, sold his home, gathered his family together—and returned to Canada! For when you weigh duty against a dream, what chance has the dream—usually?

"All I brought back to Canada," he says, "was the aching knowledge of all I had sacrificed, and a vague hope that I could be of some service to my native land. I had nothing left of my little Abbey but the name, Abbey Dawn. That name rang in my soul like a sweet-toned bell, a wistful memory."

Back in Canada, he strove for three desperate years to win recognition. After this bleak stretch of seemingly hopeless effort, he went out to British Columbia, trying to get perspective, to think things through. There, like balm to his wounded spirit, came the memory of how kind America had been to him. He decided to return to the States. The little dream Abbey set up a joyous ringing in his soul. "Ding-Dong! Abbey Dawn!"

Then fate stepped in once more, and again it was Edward, Prince of Wales. He happened to come to Victoria while the poet was there. Robb didn't know a soul in Victoria. He was three thousand miles from where the Prince might expect him to be—if, he remembered him at all. All right, he'd put him to the test. Forthwith Robb sent his card to the Prince, and notice that he was present! The Prince immediately slashed through red tape and gold braid, upsetting the whole program to receive the poet.

The story of this royal action had that romantic touch which made it front-page news. Robb was widely featured as the first and only poet in the world to have such a princely patron since medieval ages! That was good enough for England!

Soon he was the first Canadian poet to read his poems over a transcontinental network!

No need for Robb to "desert" now. He went back to Ontario, and the next year located land near Kingston—five hundred acres of natural park, now world-famous. He called it Abbey Dawn Sanctuary in memory of the little church.

He intended it to be his own sanctuary, his own soul's retreat. So he posted "Keep Out" signs on the fences, but passers-by came tapping on the gate, and he let them in. They returned with their friends. Could they walk through? They wouldn't shoot the birds or pick the flowers. Soon they were coming in droves—to walk in The Valley of the Peeping Flowers, a Wild Flower Shrine, or in the Canyon of Bird Song. They found mystical enchantment in the Poet's Fairyland. But they found more. Here they could keep silence before God, and renew their strength.

No poet can keep beauty to himself. Robb took down those "Keep Out" signs and opened Abbey Dawn to the public. Gitchi Nagamo, from its timber tower, pealed forth a ringing welcome.

That tower, too, has a lovely story. When the big bell was first rung from its frame on the ground, some one asked "What are you going to do for a tower?" Frankly, Robb didn't know, but he had learned to trust. "God will give me a tower," he said.

And God did! For neighbors came to the poet, saying, "Come to our woodland and select matched trees; we'll fell them and make a tower of timber for this bell which is already so beautiful a thing in our lives." And later, thirty farmers came and erected a pine tree tower, their lovingly raised the bell to its new home. "Just when does Gitchi Nagamo ring?" I asked the poet, like every other inquiring reporter.

"Not on the King's birthday," he smiled—"but when there's a rainbow in the sky. It may ring at dawn, and again in the magic quietude of the gloaming. In haying and harvest time, after a long and very lovely day, it may ring a double peal. Or, on a dull, dreary day, not at all."

Robb has never forgotten his little dream church in the States. There is a high, dramatic ledge in his Bird Sanctuary to which he can climb and on a clear day see the Adirondacks on the eastern edge of which nestles Chazy.

When days are dark or difficult, he climbs up there to look towards that first little Abbey Dawn, and have it bring to him the silence of its spirit, that "inward stillness" Longfellow sang of, when "God alone speaks in us and we wait... that we may know His will."

Last year while the poet walked there he found a stone marked with a cross. His sanctuary is on a prehistoric site and many pagan relics have been found there—an altar, a throne, but this was the first Christian sign.

He took it for that, resolving that here on this ledge where he found the cross he would one day build a little Gothic church, with leaded windows—a counter part of his first little Abbey Dawn—and it should have a tower for Gitchi Nagamo.

How will he get it? "God will give it to me," says the poet confidently—and I know He will.

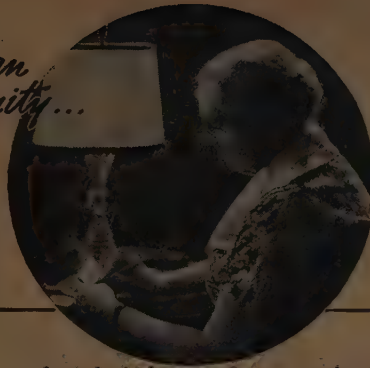
(Continued from page 33)

we have a Red Cross Station, a St. Johns Ambulance Station, and Decontamination station against various gasses. London is wonderful. Like a great mother protecting her young. Everywhere the huge balloons high, high up in the clear blue sky, almost everyone in uniform, anti-aircraft guns, shelters in all the parks and squares, sandbags on all the public buildings and arches. Yet still the gay omnibuses, bright red, rumble through the busy streets, and nowhere have I yet seen a gloomy face, but a strange, lit, purposeful determination. The young people are wonderful. I am amazed at them, for they all went through a rather wild and unruly period. But their very freedom has given them a sense of fearless responsibility that is inspiring, and when you realize that some of our finest feats in the air-raid fights, not only in sweeping away the enemy planes, but in the innumerable raids right over and into Germany, have been performed by young men who a short while ago were in offices and banks or the theater, etc., and did voluntary training in the weekends or evenings, we see that one need not have a conscripted nation to produce a great army or air force. The motto of one of the younger squadrons I like. "I spread my wings and keep my promise." One feels they will rule the air, for they have no hate in them, in spite of their gay and gallant determination.

Please don't think, dear, that for a moment we belittle the formidable powers we are faced with. A great army and air force planned for one purpose since October 1918, and a mental plan for many, many years before that. To hold the power they have, the mirage they have thrown over their own people, they will stop at nothing. And they are astute in all Machiavellian ways, and would be as merciless to us as to the Jews, and Czechs, the Austrians, the Poles and their own people, hidden away in so many concentration camps, for opposing opinions. They have immense physical courage and endurance and patience and are long-suffering too. Hitler is as formidable as every concentratedly, fanatically inspired man is, who has vast powers, has gained enormous ascendance, and who has as ally the vast resources of Russia. But none of these things depresses us or seems insurmountable.

The walk I take, you and Kent know. Across that lovely field where only sheep graze and birds fly up from the grass at our approach. On her hill, like a mirage, little Rye crowned by the church rises out of the morning mist; below are the fields and marsh, the silver winding river, the cows and sheep and Camber Castle like a stone lily in the marshes below Winchelsea; beyond it all the blue empty sea, that holds so much insensate horror today, yet above which fly our planes; and I feel that they will there hold conquest for freedom for all and safety. And whilst they torpedo our ships and send so many hundreds, not only sailors who of course take their chance, but women and children and neutrals to their deaths, as they did in the last war, we are each day saving from these seas so many of their airmen. That, too, is as it should be.

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(Continued from page 19)

glad to discharge my passengers safely at Chicago. "Flying is getting to be awfully tame these days," yawned one of them.

Returning homeward, alone, the strain of the previous part of the trip began to tell on me.

At Roswell, New Mexico, I took on gas and started across the mountains for Lordsburg. About forty miles out of Roswell, one begins to cross a range of mountains approximately nine thousand feet high, and extending about sixty miles across country. As I approached this range, I began to worry. And as I worried I climbed higher and higher, just to make sure I didn't get too close to the peaks.

The air at higher altitudes is lighter and requires less gasoline to a given mixture. I remembered, and began to "lean out" the mixture. And then the mixture control failed. My hair literally stood on end as the cylinders began to load up and foul the spark plugs. Would the engine go out of action? It seemed likely.

One cut out. One cylinder out of action. Should I turn back? No, I was halfway over the range. I couldn't possibly make it back. Bloop! Another barrel cut out and I began to lose altitude. The situation was really desperate now. Nothing to do but locate a place to "crack up"—and not a level space in sight. Nothing but steep mountainsides.

Help! I must have help! I was alone, and death reached out below me. Where is help? High in the sky, alone!

Suddenly I remembered my Sunday School days. Remembered the Psalm, "God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

That made me calm as though sitting at home in an arm chair. Safe? Of course I was safe. Nothing can harm those who call on the Lord and who use His Wings. I knew now that if anything happened and I did crack up, I would walk away unharmed.

As if it were a human being, my ship felt the New Strength that came from out of the sky. A merest "puff of wind" caught the plane, lifted it a little. We were gaining, not losing now. Five barrels of the engine still hitting—Situation still critical, but not any worse.

My puff of wind continued, became stronger—and at last, I coaxed the ship over the last "hump" and had about 150 feet to spare above the tops of the trees.

At the foot of the mountains was an emergency field, at Almodoro, New Mexico. By stretching my glide I was able to clear the boundary fence, and "set her down" on this desert field.

I knew now that I could meet any emergency. I knew that I could call for help and receive it any time I needed it. Calmness and security and confidence—there was always an overflowing supply of these available for me to draw on from a Heavenly storehouse, whose key is a believer's call for help. All I had to do was pray—and strength would come to me on Heavenly Wings.

So I flew home to Los Angeles and retired temporarily from aviation, to devote myself with a whole and unworried mind to the business of regaining my health, knowing that Heavenly aid would always be ready for me to call upon.

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AUGUST 4

## The Two Ways

PSALM I; MATT. 7:24-27

THESE two passages, widely separated in authorship, really have but one teaching. The good man and the wise man are the same, even though one builds a house and the other a life. There are two courses open to human beings, the one which is the way of goodness, of wisdom, of security, of prosperity, of God; the other is of sin, of foolishness, of insecurity, of destruction.

Psalm 1 is a fit introduction to a book which calls to worship, praise, and meditation.

In verses 1, 2 are given negative and positive sketches of the righteous man. Negatively, he does not depend on the wicked to tell him where he shall walk; he does not even contemplate the way of living which sinners have; nor does he sit in the company of those who mock at goodness. Positively, he devotes himself to finding out what God wants him to be and do. The Septuagint has a good rendering: "His will moves within the limits of the law of the Lord." To meditate is not only to think about something, but to say over and over again its words.

In verses 3, 4 there appears a contrast between followers of the two ways. The good man has permanence, like a tree with moisture-laden roots; he produces also and prospers in his activities. The wicked man is not so, for even though he prosper for a time, his end is to be destroyed.

Verses 5, 6 state the conclusion. There is sure justice at the judgment of Jehovah. Separation of the righteous from the wicked is certain. They can mingle for the present on the earth, but not in the future. It is enough to assert the destruction of the way of the wicked, with the simple statement for the righteous, "The Lord acknowledgeth their way."

The verses from Matthew (7:24-27) describe clearly the true foundation necessary for all spiritual building. These are fitting words to close Jesus' great sermon. "The rock (upon which to build) is Christ's own person and teaching, the only foundation for stable, spiritual, and social building. Whatever is built upon that rock lasts. Personal character built upon Christ, i.e., on faith in Him and loyal obedience to His commands, is stable.

AUGUST 11

## The Works and the Word of God

ROMANS 10:19

IT TAKES no experienced reader to discover that this psalm has two distinct parts, 1-6 and 7-14. Not only is the subject matter different in each part, but the flow of words and the rhythm are unequal. This does not mean that there is

lack of unity. On the contrary, there is a marked unity of thought. The two parts contrast the revelation of God in nature with the revelation of God in His word, or law. First there is God's glory as seen in the heavens, and then God's glory as manifested in His law.

How the heavens praise their Creator (1-4). They are telling by their expanse and beauty of the wealth of Him who made them; the division between the upper waters (the clouds) and the lower waters (the seas and rivers) reflects the vastness of the universe. Day after day pours forth its story, and night after night discloses more knowledge about God.

The special message of the sun (4-6). In the heavens there is a tent or dwelling-place for the sun. Vast is the course to be covered by him, and it all tells the same story about the great Creator.

The revelation of God in His word is equally marvelous. "The word 'law' (*torah*) means 'teaching' or 'instruction,' and describes not only the Law of Moses, but all the commandments of God."

The place of personal petition (12-14). Every reflection on God's power serves to reveal man's weakness and to make him humble, and the psalmist is no exception. Three kinds of sin are mentioned: (a) errors, sins committed in ignorance, or unconsciously; (b) secret faults, which may be hidden even from one's own knowledge, but more likely are those moral offenses which one hopes to conceal from others; (c) presumptuous sins, which are sins committed boldly and with pride, and are therefore most dangerous.

The fervor of these final verses is undoubted; cleanse me, keep me back, let them not have dominion—these are necessary and genuine petitions. Every student should make personal use of the words of verse 14,—an outstanding Bible prayer. For the psalmist it meant that he regarded his psalm as an offering or sacrifice to Jehovah, and he hoped it would be acceptable. He even reached the point where "by a daring metaphor the psalmist calls Jehovah his kinsman" (*Westminster Commentary*). The Hebrew word *goel* is more than my Redeemer. It refers to "a man's nearest of kin, whose duty it is to help and protect the man or his family in time of trouble, difficulty, or danger." This is exactly what God may be to each one who makes the approach to Him.

AUGUST 18

## God's Care of His People

PSALM 23

WHILE this is often called the Shepherd Psalm, it must be noted that two great pictures are drawn in its six verses, one of the loving Shepherd, the other of the Host at a bounteous meal. Both are replete with allusions to well-

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1. *The Good Shepherd.* There is to be found no better example of complete care and of complete dependence than appears in the relation of a shepherd to his sheep. Sheep need a shepherd for many reasons. They cannot find their own food or water; they are easily lost, and have no instinct to bring them back to the flock.

Is it true that devout and noble people are never in want? Can poverty never overtake the godly? Many will respond quickly that recent years—even recent days—offer multiplied examples of godly people brought to the point of perishing through no fault of their own. Or is this declaration, "I shall not want," to be given a spiritual interpretation?

2. *Rest.* Verse 2 describes the time of prosperity, and is "the most complete picture of happiness that ever was or can be drawn." The first necessities for comfort are food and drink. Allied with them is a third, rest. In the dry season grass becomes scarce, and only a few know which wells of water are open. The shepherd leads the way, and when the flock has eaten, the sheep lie down in utter satisfaction.

3. *Discipline.* Verse 3 brings a rapid contrast. The sheep is worn out by hard going, weak from thirst or scanty food, and about to die.

The road of adversity is a very common one for Christian people. There are many times when hope is scant, discouragement strong, and a restorative is needed. Then the Good Shepherd comes to restore the soul of the needy and to guide him again to happiness.

4. *In Extremis.* The dangerous, dark valleys of the mountain country, where death lurks about to seize helpless sheep, are typical of the darkness and sorrow that come to all humans. When the gloom surrounds the sheep, they have but one hope, their shepherd. His quiet moving among them, his use of his rod for their guidance, and his staff for their defense keep them calm and hopeful.

5. *Forever.* The closing verse is one of benediction and resolution. There can be no doubt of God's willingness to provide two of His choice possessions, goodness and mercy. Indeed, they are descriptive of God Himself.

## AUGUST 25 Confession and Forgiveness

2 SAM. 12:1-14; PS. 51:1-17; 32:1-11

IT IS necessary to begin this lesson study with the reading of chapter 11. Distasteful as the narrative is, pulling down to a low state of common humanity the great king of Israel, it should inspire us to gratitude that the whole truth is told.

Here we see the spectacle of a king who had the ability to pen a song about clean hands and a pure heart brought down by his passion to meanness, theft, ingratitude, plotting, murder, deceit. His theft of another man's wife, his treachery in getting rid of the aggrieved, and his participation in Uriah's murder form a background all too familiar in later days.

When Nathan spoke, pronouncing sentence on David, his words hit the mark. It does not take many words for a complete confession, if they be sincere. David said only these: "I have sinned against the Lord." And that he was sincere is

clear from the two Psalms, 51 and 32.

*Psalms 51—for all who sin.* In this outstanding psalm David utters three prayers, (1) for forgiveness, (2) for holiness, (3) for future usefulness. He knows that none of them can be answered unless preceded by thorough confession. He hesitates not to name his sins in all their aspects. They are *transgressions*, showing rebellion against a superior will. They may be called *iniquity*, a perversity of his nature, a wilful disobedience. They may be thought of as serious *missing of the mark*, or failure to arrive at a goal. So he throws himself on the mercy of the Lord, remembering that He is full of compassion.

*David's plea for a clean heart* (9-12) is likewise a pattern for all sinners. It is good to be forgiven of specific sins, but it is not enough to guarantee the future. Certainly iniquities must be blotted out, but also a new spirit must come to the inside.

*What of the future?* Forgiveness is seldom an end in itself. It leads to a perpetuation of service and a spread of the same experience to others. What better praise can come to God than that of those who have known His forgiveness?

*Psalms 32—a sinner's testimony.* This psalm tells the story of sin, with subsequent suffering, then repentance, then forgiveness. Beginning with the recital of his own experience, David here turns it into instruction and warning for others. But the confession was not all. The forgiveness immediately followed. It is always that simple. God does not parry, argue, delay. All that is on man's part. Verses 1 and 2 describe what this forgiveness was like for David. It was the removal of a rebellious spirit, the covering of a foul stain, and the wiping out of a debt.

(Continued from page 35)

He narrated the story of the great inventors and discoverers who had given us heat—both steam and gas engines—and electricity. And he pointed out how we think this age of ours to be the age of power. Then Dr. Pupin emphatically declared that the greatest discoverer who ever walked this earth was a carpenter of Nazareth in ancient Galilee, Jesus Christ; "Not until we apply the principles of Jesus Christ can civilization be safe, can you and I be content; not until we follow Jesus Christ can we have a power age."

Now take that attitude towards Jesus Christ, think with that great scientist and engineer, that Jesus discovered in the realm of human nature laws as essential as the law of gravity Newton discovered in physical nature, and you will have a new kind of world; a world in which none are hungry while others have too much; a world in which man is secure and happy because he uses spiritual as well as physical values; a world in which war and violence are impossible, and men live in cooperation for the good of the whole.

You can have any kind of world you want in your own life and in the life of your community—a world of jungle warfare; a world of bestial and animal greed and materialism; or a sane, secure, peaceful, cooperative world. The kind of world you will have depends upon your attitude toward Jesus Christ.



## Old Age Policy Pays up to \$50 a Month!

Needed Protection, Ages 65 to 85, Costs Only 1 Cent a Day.

The Postal Life & Casualty Insurance Co., 86 Postal Life Building, Kansas City, Mo., has a new accident policy for men and women of ages 65 to 85.

It pays up to \$500 if killed, up to \$50 a month for disability, up to \$25 a month for hospital care and other benefits that so many older people have wanted.

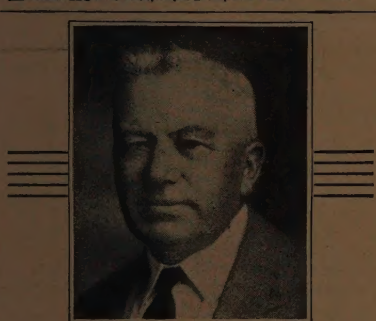
And the cost is only 1 cent a day—\$3.65 a year!

Postal pays claims promptly; more than one-quarter million people have bought Postal policies. This special policy for older people is proving especially attractive. No medical examination—no agents will call.

**SEND NO MONEY NOW.** Just write us your name, address and age—the name, address and relationship of your beneficiary—and we will send a policy for 10 days' FREE INSPECTION. No obligation. This offer limited, so write today.

## 50 AMAZING PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Turn spare time into money. Easy-to-sell name-imprinted Christmas Cards—50 for \$1. Surprising high quality. Also 3 new, different, money-making Personal lines, 25 for \$1. Big line 35 exquisite designs, including Special Business Cards, religious, humorous, novel, Kristone, etc. Plus big value Christmas Box Assortments. No experience needed. Write for FREE SAMPLES, NOEL Art Studios, 26 E. 26th, Dept. B-10, New York.



## WANT SOME EXTRA MONEY?

Rev. Gerriet Janssen of Nebraska earned nearly \$200 in one month through Christian Herald's Easy Money Making Plan. And there are thousands of others who regularly use this sure way to make extra dollars.

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Christian Herald  
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Please tell me all details about your offer to make extra money.

Name.....

Address.....

(Continued from page 40)

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27

READ PSALM 142.

WE SOMETIMES lose heart before it is called for. It is bad enough when we are defeated, but foolish when we take too short a view. Because one day goes badly, because things are not turning out well for the moment, that does not warrant us in thinking that victory will never be ours. There is always the goodness of God in which to hope.

*We bless Thee, gracious Father, for the unflinching fidelity of all Thy dealings with us. Help us to trust. Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28

READ JAMES 5:13-20.

HOW big are you in sympathy, in your thought for the plight of others? In these glorious summer days there are multitudes of our fellow-creatures to whom every day is dark with fear and suffering. We can still pray fervently for a just and lasting peace.

*O God, who didst give Thy Son for man's redemption, we implore Thy pity and mercy upon mankind. Amen.*

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:8-13.

JAMES LANE ALLEN tells of a widow's desire to give her boy something of worth. She had kept a few books and her piano, and every night she would read or play to him. The cares of the day can be dealt with on similar lines. But best of all is to let God's World yield its message of hope and cheer to gladden the soul.

*For the riches of Thy provision for our deepest needs we praise Thee. Aid us to use Thy gifts. For Christ's sake.*

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30

READ ISAIAH 12.

THAT old well which stands on the farm we used to know so well, never runs dry. There is an inscription on the side of one which reads, "View in me an emblem of true charity, who freely all I have bestow, though neither heard nor seen to flow." So God's salvation brings blessings to our hearts.

*For the rich provision of Thy grace, we thank Thee, O Saviour. Amen.*

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31

READ EPHESIANS 4:7-15.

WE LIVE in an age of propaganda. Some of it is definitely godless. Why has it succeeded in some countries? Can it undermine faith in our land? When a piece of ground lies uncultivated, the weeds take root. Keep the soul under cultivation, through prayer.

*Strong Son of God, not by our hold on Thee, but by Thy hold on us, shall we be kept true. Save us day by day.*

## "No Child of Mine will ever get WORMS!"

That's what YOU think, Mother!

Nobody is immune to round worms. Children can pick up this nasty infection from uncooked vegetables or bad water; from other children or dogs.

Here are some of the danger signs that may mean living, crawling, round worms are inside your child: Fidgeting and squirming. Uneasy stomach. Itching nose and seat. Restless sleep. Biting nails.

If you even suspect that your child has round worms, get JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE right away! JAYNE'S is the best known worm expeller in America. It is based by modern scientific study, and has been used by millions, for over a century.

JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE has the ability to drive out large round worms, yet it tastes good and acts gently. It does not contain santonin. If there are no worms it works merely as a mild laxative. Ask for JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE at any drug store.

FREE: Valuable medical book, "Worms Living Inside You." Write to Dept. C-3, Dr. D. Jayne & Son, 2 Vine St., Philadelphia.

**EARN Spare-Time CASH**  
**FREE SAMPLES**

**Sell Your Friends And Neighbors LOWEST PRICED, PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS**

Breathtaking quality, sensational new ideas in Personal Christmas Cards at LOWEST PRICES! Folks who want most for their money will order from you when they see the unequalled quality of the Dallas Quality Line of Personal Christmas Cards at \$1.00 each. High class, quick-selling Box Assortments, including 1940 Golden-Value 21-Card \$1 Ass't to your profit \$60. Novel gift wrapping—fabulous ideas. No experience needed. **SAMPLES FREE.** Write today. WALLACE BROWN, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. P-13, New York, N. Y.

**FREE! WORLD'S FAIR FOLDERS**

No increase in Empire rates—as always—from \$2. single; \$3. double. Direct subway to World's Fair. Write today for literature—Dept. O.

**HOTEL EMPIRE**

**BROADWAY at 63rd ST.—NEW YORK**  
"At the Gateway to Times Square" E. B. BELL, Gen. Mgr.

**TO MEN PAST 40**

Sufferers afflicted with bladder trouble, sleeplessness, pain in hips, back and legs and general impotency—get Dr. Ball's 17-page Free Book that tells you how you may have new zest! All is completely explained in this enlightening Free Book. Send for your copy Now. **Ball Clinic, Dept. 7407, Excelsior Springs, Mo.**

**SELL FREE SAMPLES 50 CHRISTMAS CARDS WITH SENDER'S NAME**

Orders entire. "Super-Value" \$1.00 for 50 Distinctive Designs. 50 for \$1. to 25 for \$1.25. Name Imprinted, Sell America's Famous 21 Christmas folders \$1. Costs 50c. Worth \$2.85. Real Christmas spirit. Expensive mica, parchment, Tip-on, die-cuts, foil inserts. Outstanding Enriches. GIFT-Wraps. Religious. Everyday. 50 Engravings—Personal, Business, 21 Ass't on approval. **FREE SAMPLES** Super Value. Personal line. No investment. Start today. **SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, 154 Nassau St., Dept. CH-1, New York City.**

**ASTHMA**

**WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

If you suffer from Asthma Paroxysms, from coughs, wheezing, wheezing—write quick for daring FREE TRIAL OFFER of amazing relief. Inquiries from so-called "hopeless" cases especially invited. Write. **NACOR, 836-G State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.**

**Sell NEW Christmas Cards**

**EARN EXTRA MONEY 21 for \$1.00**

Can be personalized with FREE METALLIC SEALS

Novel idea! Season's most gorgeous box 21 Christmas Folders. Retail \$1. You make \$1. We give extra Metallic Gold Seal free—cards can be individually addressed to Mother, Dad, Relatives and Friends if desired. Also sell Personal Christmas Cards—name-imprinted—50 for \$1. Eleven other new, different Box Assortments. Samples on approval. **FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, 829 Adams, Elmira, N.Y.**

**Quit Using Tobacco!**

Write for Free Booklet and Learn How. Results Guaranteed or money refunded.

**NEWELL PHARMACAL COMPANY**  
64 Clayton Station St. Louis, Mo.

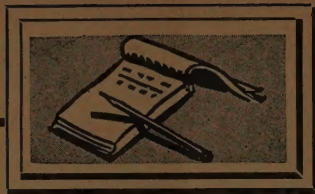
**100,000 Satisfied Users**



# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EDITED BY

*Paul Maynard*



Meet Mr. Crowell

Dallas, Texas

## The Great Religious Paintings

Phillipsburg, Kans.

Dear Editor:

Please accept my hearty "Thank You" for your new feature of great religious paintings. To an already fine magazine you have added this valuable and greatly appreciated feature.

I am a third generation subscriber to *Christian Herald*. My grandmother and mother always had it in their homes, and so we, too, continue to depend on you for Christian literature in various fields and departments. I like especially your biographies of men and women who are doing such worthwhile things.

Mrs. John E. Filingor

A revival of religious art is a development which we would all welcome, and love of great pictures already painted is the forerunner of such a renaissance.

## The Country Preacher— Pro and Con

Wells, Nevada

Dear Editor:

I have enjoyed and profited by "Forty Years a Country Preacher" more than any other article you have ever had in *Christian Herald*.

Norman Riedesel

Dear Editor:

I cannot understand how a true Christian could be "shocked or surprised" by the story of the Country Preacher. I think it is wonderful, the many necessities he is bringing into the homes of these people.

"In as much as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, ye have done it unto me."

Mrs. May Denison

Dear Editor:

I think many readers of *Christian Herald* feel the same as Mr. John W. Warner in regard to the article "Forty Years a Country Preacher."

Certainly the world would be no richer "spiritually" for work as described by this preacher—barbers can take care of the hair cutting; while entertaining might bring the country people together, with a world starving for spiritual food as it is today what in the least degree could be gotten from a single sentence descriptive of this minister's work? The world has plenty of good story tellers, but ministers have a greater job than this.

I have been a reader of the *Herald* almost since the beginning of its publication, but I am sorry to see such things presented as Christian work.

A Reader  
Garfield, Wash.

Dear Editor:

I have read "Forty Years a Country Preacher," and am more disgusted than

ever in my life. Dances, fishing, no one but He knows what else.

And you publish such a piece and call your magazine Christian. OH! Shame!  
M. E. P.

It seems to be continuously necessary to point out that *Christian Herald* does not always agree with the viewpoints of all its contributors. Neither do we feel it always necessary to delete from articles every mention of those things with which we may disagree. In this instance the author is a respected and accredited preacher in the Episcopal Church, a denomination which has never banned dancing from its Parish houses. Many of our readers have sincere objection to dancing, but we saw no reason for deleting this part of the manuscript.

As announced elsewhere, Mr. Gilbert will continue to write for *Christian Herald* after his series, "Forty Years a Country Preacher" is completed. His column will be called "The Country Preacher Says."

Editor

## Final Summary of Presidential Straw Vote

Even though Wendell Willkie has been nominated by the Republicans and the Democratic nominee will be named before you read this, the tabulation of the results of our poll is interesting. This is the way the voting stood on July 3rd:

Votes for Republican Candidates	976
Votes for Prohibition Candidate	374
(Babson)	
Votes for Democratic Candidates	324
Votes for Socialist Candidate	24
(Thomas)	
Total Votes Cast	1698
The Republican votes divided as follows:	

Taft	266
Dewey	255
Vandenberg	230
Hoover	155
Willkie	56
Gannett	11
James	1
Buckner	1

## The Democrats:

Hull	147
Wheeler	89
Roosevelt	38
Garner	38
Farley	7
McNutt	4
Jackson	1

Dear Editor:

I am digging into things like a gopher these days, trying to get many things cleaned up so we can enjoy the time from June 2nd to July 30th, when our youngest son will spend his last "single" days with us. He will be home from Harvard next Sunday, and will be married July 30th and start life at Pittsburgh as an English Professor at Carnegie Tech. Time is a cruel master and he never retreats.

On June 3rd we will all move bodily down to Waco, Texas, where Baylor University will give Mrs. Crowell an honorary degree (D.Lit.) and we will come home all swollen with pride and so on. That will automatically make me a head nurse or an interne, I reckon.

Mrs. Crowell, Reid and I plan to spend August in western North Carolina among "them thar mountings." We anticipate a grand time.

Mrs. Crowell read to a packed house on Mothers' Day in a Mausoleum here. She has read in a sick ward, a depot, movie picture houses, churches, schools, homes and so on . . . but never before in a mausoleum!

## Cool Colorado

In the Rockies I am sitting  
With a robe about my knees,  
And a sweater vainly trying  
To defy the mountain breeze.

"You'll be cool in Colorado!"  
Is a slogan I recall;  
But the bloke who said it didn't  
Bust right down and tell it all.

I'll admit the view is lovely,  
Its so grand it almost hurts;  
But I could enjoy it better  
Wearing two thick undershirts.

Snowy mountains, wooded valleys,  
Meet my all-admiring glance;  
But it would be twice as precious  
If I had on thicker pants.

I enjoy the roaring torrents  
Falling off some distant brink;  
But a calfskin vest with hair on  
Would delight me more, I think.

Keeping cool in Colorado  
Is no trouble . . . none at all;  
Keeping warm is where you need a  
Lot of mustard on the ball.

To dispute a truthful slogan  
Is not really my desire;  
But . . . gangway and let me huddle  
Closer to that measly fire!

(Aside from Grace Noll Crowell, don't you think I am just about the best poet you ever saw?)

I write from experience . . . the bitter kind.

Norman H. Crowell

One poet in a family is enough,  
say we. This poem seems to prove it.  
Maumee, Ohio

Dear Editor:

I am not looking for mistakes in our splendid magazine, but since reading about one subscriber who is looking for them, I have found one, in this month's July story, on page 50, where the writer says, "Mark Prized open a time-rusted lock."

Anna Winzeler

Both Miss Winzeler and your editor thought this was a mistake, but a glance at the dictionary changed our mind. See definition of "Prize, V. T." in the International.



# ? HAVE ? YOU ?

## *Sent a Child to The Country*

**B**EING poor—really poor—means so many horrible things. Not only does it mean never having enough to eat but being forced to live in crowded, airless tenement rooms on streets so narrow and closely built with tenements that the sun rarely touches the streets and almost never the dismal slum homes.

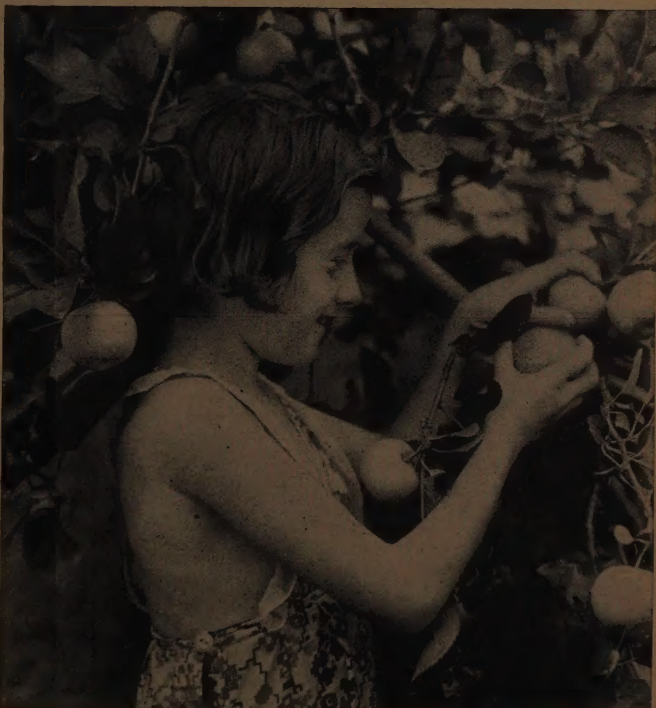
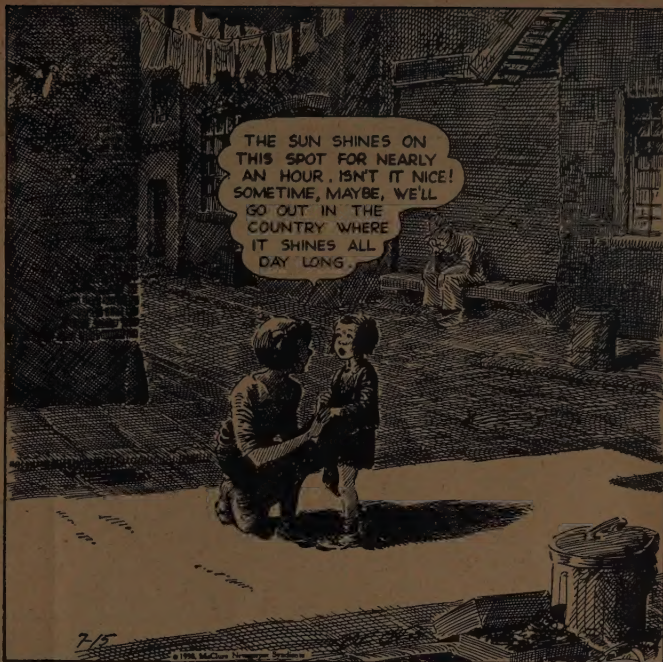
The cartoon which we reprint from the New York Post must express the hunger of thousands of children for the sun. There are a few plants that grow strong and sturdy without the sun but the bodies of little children need to draw from the sun's rays certain qualities vital to their growth and health.

It is only in mid-summer that the sun reaches the slum streets—a sun so hot that like the blast of a furnace it leaves life wilting and sidewalks fairly melting under its terrific attack. At MONT LAWN the children of the city's slums can sit under the spreading branches of great trees and let the sun's rays touch them as it trickles through the leaves—sun-saturated air can reach them as they take their daily swim.

At first a few of our guests lose weight—there is so much activity at Mont Lawn, but the children gain from three to ten pounds after two weeks or more of life in the country; they lose that sallow color and take on a new healthy glow, a sparkle comes into their eyes. There is nothing more wonderful to watch than the budding into health of a sickly or a hungry child.

HAVE YOU SENT A CHILD TO THE COUNTRY THIS SUMMER? Five dollars pays for a week, \$10 pays for two weeks' vacation at Mont Lawn—EVERY CENT contributed helps do an important job for little children—a job that must be done by Christian men and women if we hope for health and sanity in the children of the future.

THE DISEASED AND THE CRIMINAL OF TOMORROW ARE THE CHILDREN OF POVERTY AND NEGLECT TODAY: IN THE CHILDREN OF TODAY LIES OUR ONLY HOPE FOR HEALTH AND SANITY IN THE NEXT GENERATION.



The Contrast of Slum to Mont Lawn is sad to picture

CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME  
419 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

8/40B

Dear Friends:—We, too, realize the importance of today's children and want to do everything we can to help make them better men and women. Here's my contribution to Mont Lawn.

Name..... Address.....



# CONTENTS

COVER—LATE SUMMER— Color photo by John Kabel	
THE BEST IN RADIO.....	2
Aileen Soares	
OUT OF MY MAIL.....	4
Daniel A. Poling	
NEWS DIGEST OF THE MONTH.....	7
Gabriel Courier	
FRONTISPICE—TOMORROW.....	12
Charles Hanson Towne	
POETS' BELL.....	13
Beatrice Plumb	
WHY DOES GOD ALLOW THIS WAR.....	16
Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft	
WINGS OF PRAYER.....	19
Manuel Buaken	
WE DO NOT ALL WEAR WOODEN SHOES.....	20
Lewis B. Sebring	
TAMA BLAZES A TRAIL— SHORT STORY.....	22
Fletcher D. Slater	
MY MONT LAWN GALLERY.....	25
Margaret E. Sangster	
WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON—PT. II....	27
Honoré Morrow	
HE USES THE BIBLE IN POLICE WORK.....	30
Fred. B. Barton	
A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.....	33
EDITORIAL FORUM.....	34
A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE— A SERMON.....	35
William Thomson Hanzsche	
FORTY YEARS A COUNTRY PREACHER—CONCLUSION.....	36
George B. Gilbert	
DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR.....	38
J. W. G. Ward	
S. S. LESSONS FOR AUGUST.....	51
Stanley B. Vandersall	
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES.....	54
Paul Maynard	
AFTER ALL.....	56

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## NEXT MONTH

After Centuries of Silence	
The Mexican Peasant Speaks	
By Theodore English	
What Stalin Cannot Do	
By Alexander Stacey	
Confessional	
By Charles M. Sheldon	
To Another Generation	
A Doc Torrey story	
By Frederick Burnham	
A College Man Looks at Religion	
By Richard T. Baker	
Also Margaret Sangster, Honoré Morrow, J. W. G. Ward	

# After All!

## NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



### In Desperate Need

Panhandler—"Would you be kind enough to help a man whose wife can't get a job?"—  
—Christian Advocate.

### Nothing Ventured, Nothing Won

Son—Pop, I wish you would help me with this problem.  
Pop—Can't, son. It wouldn't be right.  
Son—Maybe not; but you could try.  
—Exchange.

### Anticipated

He—"I've wanted to ask you a question for weeks."  
She—"And I've had the answer ready for months."  
—Exchange.

### Not As Much As You Think

Political Speaker—"I'm pleased to see this dense crowd tonight."  
Voice—"Don't be too pleased. We ain't all dense."  
—Exchange.

### Perfectly Natural

"Oh, he's so romantic. When he addresses me he always calls me 'fair lady'."  
"Force of habit, my dear. He's a street-car conductor."  
—Pathfinder.

### Well Recommended

Foreman (on excavation job)—Do you think you are fit for really hard labor?  
Applicant—Well, some of the best judges in the country have thought so.  
—Lookout.

### Gone With the Windshield

"Where is my wandering boy tonight, I wonder, near or far?"  
An anxious parent asks, and adds:  
"And also, where's the car?"  
—Successful Farming.

### Good Reason

MacGuire: "I didn't see you in church last Sunday."  
Hayes: "I know you didn't. I was taking up the collection."  
—The Acorn.

### Let's Have This One on You

"Jock, will ye sup wi' me taemorrow nicht?"  
"Aye, Sandy, that I will, wi' pleasure."  
"Guid. Then eight o'clock at your hoose."  
—Exchange.

### In-stink-tively?

Auto Salesman—It runs so smoothly you can't feel it, so quietly you can't hear it, has such perfect ignition you can't smell it, and for speed—you can't see it.  
Englishman—My word! How do you know the bally thing is there?  
—Lookout.

### How About Bal-king?

The class composition was about "Kings." One boy wrote this:  
"The most powerful king on earth is Wor-king; the laziest, Shir-king; one of the worst kings, Smo-king; the wittiest, Jo-king; the quietest, Thin-king; the thirstiest, Drin-king; the slyest, Win-king, and the noisiest, Tal-king."  
—Exchange.

### Intentional

A colored woman was standing on the street watching a circus parade. One of the pickaninnies looked up and said: "Mammy, your mouf's open."  
To which she replied: "Yes, I knows it. I lef' it open myself."  
—Epworth Highroad.

### The World Does Not Move

"The average female is just now crazy over hats. If she hasn't got a soft felt with a rakish crown and a thievish looking brim, she is crazy to get one."  
When do you think this was first printed? On Oct. 26, 1874, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### Three S's for Speakers

First, Be sincere.  
Second, Be short.  
Third, Be seated.  
—Contributed by Dr. Sheldon.

### Trapped

"Fine piece of land out here!" said the dusty, shrewd-looking man as he descended from his wagon outside the farmer's house.  
"You're right there," replied the farmer, eagerly. "It's the best to be found in the country."  
"Bit too high a figure for a poor man, I reckon?" asked the stranger.  
"It's worth every penny of \$300 an acre," answered the farmer, with an eye to business. "Were you thinking of buying and settling in these parts?"  
"Hardly," murmured the traveler, making some notes in a book. "I'm the new tax assessor."  
—Kablegrams.